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MACHINERY OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

NO. II.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL, as a department of state, is a most ancient and important institution, and enters essentially into the machinery of government. It is emphatically called "The Council;" the "noble, honourable, and reverend assembly" of the king, and such as he wills to summon together to be his advisers. Its numbers have varied from time to time,—sometimes they were limited by special enactment; at present they are, and have been since the Revolution, indefinite. No inconvenience arises in this respect, inasmuch as those only attend who are specially summoned. Upon extraordinary occasions, such as the accession of a new sovereign, all the members are summoned,—and all, of whatever political party they may be, obey the mandate, unless they are prevented by indisposition or by absence from the country. Usually those only are summoned who coincide with Ministers in their general policy.

No person can be a member of the Privy Council, who has been born out of the dominions of the crown, unless born of English parents. No act even of naturalization can qualify a foreigner to sit in this assembly, a fact which it is interesting to know at this moment, looking to the recent event of her Majesty's marriage. The oath of a privy councillor still retains much of the old English, baronial, magna-charta sort of expression of loyalty to the sovereign; it consists of seven articles,—to advise the king to the best of his cunning and discretion—to advise for the king's honour and good of the public without partiality through affection, love, meed, (i. e. hope of reward,) doubt or dread—to keep the king's counsel secret—to avoid corruption—to help and strengthen the execution of what shall be there resolved—to withstand all persons who would attempt the contrary—and in general to observe, keep, and do all that a good and true councillor ought to do to his sovereign lord.

There are many acts, such as the issuing and signing of proclamations, ordering new coinage, new seals of office, the granting of charters to colonies or corporations, which must be performed by the sovereign "in council." As a court of justice it exercises authority, both original and in appeal, with reference to cases from the colonies, as well as from the ecclesiastical and other tribunals at home. There has been established for some years a judicial committee of this assembly, consisting exclusively of law lords, before which all such cases are argued and decided. But they are supposed to be argued in the presence of the sovereign, and are formally referred to the crown before judgment is considered final. This is a great improvement upon the former system, which allowed cases to be decided by a single judge and any lay members who chose to attend—a mode of administering justice which was attended with the most injurious consequences, inasmuch as the principles upon which judgments were founded varied with almost every new judge, precedents having been then altogether passed over, as having, and indeed often deserving of, no authority. The change has been highly beneficial to the country, and especially to our foreign dependencies. By recent regulations the Privy Council has cognisance of all matters relating to patent rights, thus securing to genius the fair reward of its noble occupation in inventing new machinery for the use of mankind.

The keeper of the privy seal is generally a member of the cabinet. The duties of the office are very limited. The seal is the privy signet of the sovereign, as distinguished from the great seal

which is in the custody of the lord high-chancellor, or of a keeper, or, at occasional intervals, when the office of chancellor is vacant, of a commission especially appointed for that purpose. There are several species of warrants which must, according to law or prescription, be signed (the royal signature is always at the top of the document) by the sovereign, and sealed with his privy signet. Some warrants so signed and sealed pass at once under the great seal, as a matter of course; in other cases a document having been previously signed by the king, is sent to the keeper of the privy seal, who makes out a writ or warrant thereupon to the chancery, where the great seal is affixed to it. The difference between the two modes of proceeding only causes a difference in the title of the warrant, the warrant or patent in the former case being said to be "By the king himself," in the latter "By writ of privy seal." It must be confessed that this is one of our old state "mysteries," the retention of which may not seem in the eyes of unlearned persons absolutely essential to our national safety in these reforming days. The office is in fact a sinecure, but one which perhaps it has been found convenient to continue, as it frequently furnishes a seat in the cabinet for an individual who, though unequal to the duties of an office requiring much active exertion, may be possessed of experience or character capable of giving weight to a government. It is also often given to young statesmen of distinguished talent, who are introduced into the ministry with a view to prepare them for higher appointments.

The duties of the commission of land revenue are principally to manage the income arising out of the crown lands. This income has been for many years dedicated to the construction of public works, and in lieu of it, a settled annuity, called the civil list, has been granted by parliament to the reigning sovereign for life. This grant of course expires with the demise of the crown, and is subject to revision upon the accession of the successor. The expenditure of the land revenue is under the control of the board of public works, to whose enterprise we are indebted for many great improvements in the metropolis. It must be admitted that several of the buildings executed under their superintendence are by no means distinguished for refinement of architectural taste. Buckingham Palace, the National Gallery, and the new offices at Whitehall, are certainly not calculated to raise our character for the arts very high in the estimation of foreigners. A better order of things is however arising amongst us. The new houses of parliament, designed in a great measure by Barry, promise to be a truly splendid pile. His Reform Club House in Pall Mall is certainly the most beautiful edifice in the metropolis.

It would be superfluous to make many remarks upon the functions of the admiralty, or of the home, foreign, and colonial departments. The duties assigned to each of those branches of the government are too well known to require explanation in this journal. A few miscellaneous observations, however, may not be uninteresting, especially as to the foreign department. The chief of this office has under him two secretaries, one of whom is considered a permanent officer; the other is his personal confidential friend, and of course goes out of office with him whenever he resigns. The business of this department, which extends to all parts of the world where governments are established and in communication with England, is divided as nearly as possible between the two under-secretaries, who have again under them a number of clerks and writers to assist them in carrying on the voluminous correspondence of the establishment.

VOL. III.

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Every letter or memorial which reaches the office upon ordinary affairs is opened by either of the under-secretaries, and submitted to the principal secretary, who writes upon the back in pencil in a few words his answer. It is the business of the under-secretary, or of any clerk to whom he may confide the task, to make out a draught of a more extended reply in an official form, which being approved and signed by the under-secretary, is forwarded to the applicant. But generally speaking, all despatches from the British ministers abroad, especially when questions of importance are in agitation, are opened only by the principal secretary. If the matter to which they refer requires, from its pressing nature, to be immediately communicated to his colleagues, he summons a cabinet for that purpose, and reads to them the whole or such portions of the papers as he may deem most essential, and advises with them upon the answer he is to send.

But more generally when the matter is not urgent, after reading the despatches, he gives them to one of the under-secretaries, who has them copied; the copies are transmitted to the members of the cabinet at their residences, in small boxes covered with red morocco, locked by a key of which each member has a duplicate. To the sovereign also similar copies are sent in the same way. If variation in the leading points of foreign policy be involved in the answer to be given, discussions ensue; if not, the details are generally left to the entire discretion of the minister responsible for them. In some cases the minister has commissioned his under-secretary, especially if the latter be a person of distinguished talent, to frame an answer for him; but usually he himself writes his despatches, whether they be answers or instructions to the ministers abroad. The amount of labour which this work requires, especially during war, or in times like the present, when war is imminent at many points, and if possible to be avoided at them all, may be easily imagined. The ambassador abroad is obliged to conform most strictly to the instructions which he receives from home. So much is this the case that he seldom addresses a note of any consequence to any foreign minister with whom he is in communication, which has not been dictated by the secretary of state. The great merit of an envoy to a foreign court, is to adhere most scrupulously to every phrase that is set down for him, to report with accuracy whatever is said orally to him by the minister at the court where he is stationed, to watch its proceedings with a most vigilant eye, to observe and note the characters of all the persons of whom it is composed, and at the same time to preserve a dignity and mildness in his conduct that shall conciliate the good opinion of all parties. It becomes his duty also occasionally to suggest for the consideration of his government points of policy, and it is in the expediency and foresight of his course that the talent of a sound diplomatist may be rendered most advantageous to the country which he represents.

Our foreign office, like our treasury, is extremely deficient in the strength which it ought to possess for the ready despatch of all the business that devolves upon it. The quantity of copying that often presses upon the clerks employed there is very severe—so much so as to break down the health of some of them. There is another defect in the constitution of this office, which ought to be remedied without delay. Our merchants, in the course of their trade with foreign nations, frequently sustain injuries to a very material extent. Their ships are captured under the pretext of their violating quarantine or revenue regulations, or of attempting to break blockades. Those ships are sometimes only detained, sometimes they are confiscated together with their cargoes. For these or other injuries the merchant has no means of obtaining redress, unless through the secretary of state for foreign affairs. He goes with the statement of his case, and the protests of his captains and supercargoes, and whatever other evidence he can procure, to the foreign office; he presents them to the under-secretary, who lays them before his chief, who desires them to be sent to the queen's advocate, who is much employed in his own professional career, and consequently has but little time to devote to any other affairs. The papers *sleep* of necessity month after month, upon his table; they are probably drawn up and arranged with little skill; many points necessary to guide his judgment are left out, and he is obliged to send them back for additional information. This process, which may be said to be the first stage of the suit, takes in many cases a full year.

The aggrieved party then sets about obtaining the fresh information called for. He procures it with difficulty, and at great expense, and amends his case, which is returned to the foreign office. There it *slumbers* again for a while, and unless frequent remonstrances be made, it is ten to one but another and another year slips over before any decision is obtained; so much is the

principal secretary, and indeed every individual in the office, taken up with political affairs. Add to this, that from the chief down to the most subordinate rank in the office, there is not an individual to be found, who has not an absolute distaste for all matters of a merely legal or commercial character; a distaste not at all to be wondered at, for their pursuits are of a different nature.

It happens in many cases, that from the very outset the view taken of the matter by the merchant is really erroneous. His servants may, very probably from ignorance, or over desire of gain, have violated the law of the country of whose acts he complains, and then of course he must submit to the consequences. But suppose the matter to be otherwise, and that his claims are founded upon justice, and after two or more years they are admitted to be so by the law authorities at home, we have next to follow the train of negotiation between our secretary of state and the government of the offending power. It is utterly impossible to say when a proceeding of this kind is to come to an end, when once it assumes a controversial shape between the two governments. I have known of cases of this description which have remained undecided for thirty years; and of several which have been continued during periods varying from three to twenty years.

Let it not be understood, however, that for such delays as these the minister at home is wholly answerable. The foreign government naturally enough, though with little justice, takes as much time as it can for consideration. It has a great reluctance to pay money, sometimes it has not the money to pay. It is not worth while to go to war even for millions. In the mean time the merchant has become a bankrupt; his family is plunged from a state of wealth and happiness into poverty and wretchedness. "Hope deferred hath made the heart sick;" death sweeps onward in its career, and at the end of some thirty years comes some scanty indemnity to a new generation! This is no ideal picture. I have known it in reality in many an instance, where it was perfectly practicable, if proper "machinery" had been in operation, to have had the whole matter satisfactorily arranged within three or four months.

The "machinery" which I would apply ought to be something of this description. A commission consisting of three individuals sufficiently skilled in commercial, navigation, and international law, should be attached permanently to the foreign office, the queen's advocate of course to be the chief commissioner. To this tribunal should be addressed all complaints of our merchants against the injurious acts of the authorities of foreign countries. The parties making the complaint should be forthwith summoned before this commission; all the parts of their case, and of the evidence by which it is supported, should be thoroughly sifted, and when the whole of the evidence is obtained and fully considered, judgment should be passed. If the judgment be in favour of the claim, it should be transmitted to the secretary of state, and by him forwarded without delay to the government responsible for the injury. A certain reasonable period, previously defined by common consent between the two governments, should be allowed for the investigation of the claim abroad; if that period should pass over without a complete defence having been made on the other side, judgment to go by default. If defence be made within the time, then, unless it be admitted to be an adequate one by our commission, an umpire selected from among the foreign ambassadors at either court—an individual not merely eminent for integrity and impartiality, but also for his knowledge of international law—should be called upon to decide in the last resort. In either case,—that of judgment by default, or of judgment by the umpire, the amount of indemnity settled by the commission or the umpire to be advanced out of our treasury, in order that the merchant should be kept no longer out of his capital. For it is not merely the loss of interest upon that capital which he sustains, but the privation of the profits which he might have acquired had he not been interrupted in the progress of his lawful trade. The amount of the claim so advanced, it would be the business of the secretary of state to recover from the government convicted of having done the wrong. If any difficulty should occur on that point, if, for example, as Spain has been for some time situated, there was a disposition in the Spanish Government to pay, but no funds in their treasury, it might be expedient to let the claim stand over for a while. But that expediency being a question of national concern, it ought not to be consulted at the expense of the merchant, who should not be taxed beyond any other private individual for matters of national concern. A commission of the kind I have described has been for some years established in the foreign office at Paris, and has been found to work with great advantage to the department, and to the country.

Nothing can be more objectionable than the "machinery" now in use for the settlement of claims such as those which have been above mentioned. After all the delays that arise from the course of preliminary investigation according to the mode at present established, the question still remains to be solved—What is the amount of the injured party's claim, assuming it to be admitted by both governments that he has a right to an indemnity to some amount? This question is sometimes submitted for adjudication to a mixed commission; that is, a commission consisting of two or more commissioners, one half British, the other subjects of the country which has done the wrong. It is very seldom that any good results from a tribunal of this nature. It is a fact which has come within my own knowledge, that a mixed Spanish and British commission sat in London for five years, and that although upwards of three hundred claims were entered upon their register, only one award was made by the commissioners during that period. The reason of this indecision is obvious enough. The Spanish members were for refusing every claim, or at least throwing every obstacle in the way of adjudication, and they were remarkably successful. The commissioners, moreover, considered the claims according to principles derived from different laws—one judging by Spanish, the other by English rules of law or equity, some of the commissioners being very superficially, if at all, versed in jurisprudence either foreign or domestic.

The selection of commissioners for duties of this description is an affair of mere patronage. Persons utterly ignorant even of the most common principles of municipal or international law have been thrust into places in which they are called upon to deal with the rights of parties—those rights being often dependent upon very nice constructions of articles of treaties, or principles of commercial law. I have known commissioners absolutely ignorant of the existence of treaties, by which the rights of claimants were nevertheless to be adjudged. Cases are within my experience to which foreign laws were applied, which laws had nothing whatever to do with the facts that gave rise to the claim. These are matters requiring to be forthwith reformed.

Under the department for foreign affairs is placed the whole of our consulate establishment. Consuls-general, consuls, or vice-consuls, are stationed in the capitals and principal ports of almost all foreign countries with which we carry on mercantile intercourse to any considerable extent. The consuls-general have been of late years reduced in number, and are now rather political than commercial officers. In most of the states of South America, in Egypt, Servia, Wallachia, and Moldavia, we have no envoys of a higher rank than that of consul-general. It is generally the business of mere consuls and vice-consuls to protect the interests of our merchants trading to the ports or places where they are stationed. They have all salaries, varying according to the ordinary extent of duties which they have to perform.

The "London Gazette" establishment is considered, for what reason I do not know, as under the authority of the foreign department. Probably in its origin it was intended chiefly to publish despatches which arrived from abroad, and with which it was of importance that the country should become officially acquainted. It is now chiefly occupied with advertisements relating to railways and bankruptcies, and other notices particularly required by acts of parliament to be inserted in it. If profits be derived from this journal, I am ignorant of the fund to which they are paid.

To the foreign, and indeed to all the higher departments of state, a certain amount of "secret service" money is voted annually by parliament. The minister who uses any portion of this money is not bound to explain the mode in which it is applied. He generally discloses it to the prime minister: but the account is passed upon his oath that the sum which he has drawn has been by him faithfully dedicated to purposes connected with the public service. The sums drawn from this fund of late years have been very inconsiderable as compared with the years of war. While we were engaged in hostilities with foreign countries, it was necessary that we should employ hosts of secret agents: during peace England has very little state "machinery" of a secret nature. Russia is known to have a regular establishment of agents who are dispersed all over Europe and Asia: some are employed to write in the public journals, with a view to cover, under plausible appearances, the deep policy of that ambitious empire; others watch the progress of public opinion, and collect statistics of the public wealth, and report them to head-quarters.

The machinery of the home office is admitted upon all hands to be excellent. The under secretary is an accomplished lawyer; and as his office has to transact a great deal of business connected with

the magistracy and administration of justice in every part of the country, it is fortunate that he is a person perfectly competent to all the duties of his situation. The police department, and that for the administration of the poor laws, has been vested for some time in separate commissions; with what degree of success it is scarcely necessary to say. Our police is most admirably organised, and whatever complaint may be made of the poor laws, the conduct of the commissioners appears free from just reproach.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unceasing efforts of the British Government to put an end to the horrible traffic in human beings, it is a fact, too long uncared for by the nation generally, but to which they have been powerfully called upon to give attention by the efforts of Mr. Buxton, that this odious and unjustifiable trade continues to increase, and that the very means taken to annihilate it have only served to increase the sufferings of the unhappy victims. The more widely a knowledge of the real state of this unnatural commerce is extended, the greater, we hope and believe, is the probability that the voice of England will be raised so loudly against it, as to force those nations who still wink at, if not openly encourage its continuance, to join with us in the adoption of effective means for putting it down.

With this view we proceed to extract several passages from a work * recently published by Mr. Turnbull, being the result of his experience during a visit to Cuba in 1838, and detailing many particulars relative to the Slave Trade, derived from the best authority. We may here notice that the author states, that "the present volume represents the fragment of a tour of considerable extent on the western side of the Atlantic, begun in 1837, and concluded towards the close of 1839;" and that he purposes following it up by other volumes, descriptive of the rest of the West Indian settlements, precedence being given to Cuba, "under a strong conviction that the suggestions it will be found to contain on the subject of the slave-trade, if once sanctioned by public opinion and adopted by the government, would lead to an easy, cheap, and almost immediate solution of the much-vexed question of its suppression."

We will first notice the character which slavery assumes in Cuba, premising that the term *Bosal*, literally "unbroken," but often applied to beings broken indeed, is the denomination of the native African; and *Creole*, that of the slave born on the island.

"As the experience of years had taught me to believe that the Spaniards are a kind and warm-hearted race, and as I had frequently been told that the slave-owners of the Havana were the most indulgent masters in the world, I was not a little surprised to find, as the result of personal inquiry and minute observation, that in this last particular I had been most miserably deceived, and that in no quarter, unless perhaps in the Brazils, which I have not visited, is the state of slavery so desperately wretched as it is at this moment on the sugar plantations of the queen of the Indies, the far-famed island of Cuba.

"The error I had fallen into is so universal among people who have never visited the island, and so common even with those who have made some stay at the Havana, but have never proceeded into the interior, that when I discovered it, I felt that it deserved some little investigation. When a stranger visits the town residence of a Cuba proprietor, he finds the family surrounded by a little colony of slaves, of every variety of complexion from ebony to alabaster. Most of them have been born in the house, have grown with the growth of the family, and are, perhaps, the foster brothers or foster sisters of the master or his children. In such circumstances, it would be surprising if an uncivilised barbarian were to treat them harshly; and for a Spaniard, and much more for a Creole, master to do so—imbued as he is with all the warmth of the social affections—is totally out of the question. These long retinues of domestics are kept up by some from an idle love of pageantry, but by others from the more honourable desire of not parting with those born under their roof, and for that reason bearing their name; as it is the practice in Cuba, and in other slave countries into which Africans are imported, for the first

* Travels in the West—Cuba; with Notices of Porto Rico, and the Slave Trade. By David Turnbull, Esq. M.A.—London, 1840. Longman and Co.

proprietor, whether his title be acquired by purchase or inheritance, to bestow his own patronymic, together with a Christian name, on his slave, whether an imported Bozal or an infant Creole, at the time when the indispensable ceremony of baptism is performed.

"In our own sugar colonies, during the prevalence of slavery, there was the same tendency to an unreasonable increase of the planter's domestic establishment; but as 'the great house' was probably situated within sight of the sugar-mill, so that the master became acquainted with the persons and characters of his field negroes and their families, by daily observation and intercourse, it was not unusual to make exchanges from the house to the field, or *vice versa*. These changes, although still a punishment sufficiently severe for the one party, had nothing so terrible in their aspect, as the banishment from a life of pampered luxury and ease in the Havana, to that worst of penal settlements, a Cuba sugar plantation. Under the tender-mercies of the Mayoral, he knows well, before leaving the Havana, that he has nothing to expect in the plantation but a wretched existence of over-labour and starvation, accompanied by the application, or at least the constant terror, of the lash as an incentive, relieved only by the hope of that dissolution, which sleepless nights and incessant toils are so speedily and so surely to accomplish.

"To those who are not wilfully blindfold, there are not wanting even at the Havana, not to speak of the sugar or even of the coffee plantations, a thousand palpable indications of the misery which attends the curse of slavery, independent altogether of the superior horrors of the slave-trade.

"On the public Alameda, just outside the gates of the fortified portion of the city, and therefore within the limits of a dense population, there may be seen a modest-looking building, protected from public gaze by lofty wooden parapets, in the interior of which are a series of whipping-posts, to which unwilling or disobedient slaves are sent to receive their allotted quota of punishment, as a saving of time or labour, or perhaps to spare the too tender feelings of their masters or mistresses. But although, by means of the parapets, the authorities have succeeded in shutting out the inquisitive glances of the passers-by, excluding from public view the streaming blood and lacerated flesh of the sufferers, they have totally failed in shutting in their piercing screams and piteous shrieks for mercy.

"Those visitors at the Havana who are accustomed to speak in terms of inconsiderate satisfaction of the comforts and indulgences of the slaves, sometimes sneeringly comparing them with the privations to which an English or an Irish labourer is exposed, have probably never heard of those family arrangements by which the spirit of a slave, who has first been spoiled by over-indulgence, is to be systematically and periodically broken. The mistress of many a great family in the Havana will not scruple to tell you that such is the proneness of her people to vice and idleness, she finds it necessary to send one or more of them once a month to the whipping-post—not so much on account of any positive delinquency, as because, without these periodical advertisements, the whole family would become unmanageable, and the master and mistress would lose their authority."

When we recollect that the Spanish government professedly repudiates the slave-trade, and inflicts penalties on such of its subjects as engage in it, we can scarcely connect the idea of good faith with such details as the following:—

"As if to throw ridicule on the grave denials of all knowledge of the slave-trade, which are forced from successive captains-general by the unwearied denunciations of the British authorities, two extensive depôts for the reception and sale of newly-imported Africans have lately been erected at the further end of the Paseo, just under the windows of his excellency's residence—the one capable of containing 1000, the other 1500 negroes; and I may add, that these were constantly full during the greater part of the time that I remained at the Havana. As the *barracoon*, or depôt, serves the purpose of a market-place as well as a prison, these two have, doubtless for the sake of reader access, and to save the expense of advertising in the journals, been placed at the point of greatest attraction, where the Paseo ends, where the grounds of the captain-general begin, and where passes the new railroad into the interior, from the carriages on which the passengers are horrified at the unearthly shouts of the thoughtless inmates; who, in their eagerness and astonishment at the passing train, push their arms and legs through the bars of their windows, with the cries, the grimace, and gesticulation which might be expected from a horde of savages placed in circumstances, to them, so totally new and extraordinary.

"On entering one of the barracoons, which are of course as accessible as any other market-place, you do not find so much immediate misery as an unreflecting visitor might expect. It is the policy of the importer to restore as soon as possible, among the survivors, the strength that has been wasted, and the health that has been lost, during the horrors of the middle passage. It is his interest, also, to keep up the spirits of his victims, that they may the sooner become marketable, and prevent their sinking under that fatal home-sickness which carries off so many during the first months of their captivity. With this view, during their stay in the barracoon, they are well fed, sufficiently clothed, very tolerably lodged; they are even allowed the luxury of tobacco, and are encouraged to amuse themselves, for the sake of exercise and health, in the spacious *patio*, or inner court, of the building. I have been assured, also, that after leaving the barracoon, and arriving at the scene of their future toils, the Mayoral finds it for the interest of his master to treat them, for several months, with a considerable degree of lenity, scarcely allowing them, if possible, to hear the crack of the whip, and breaking them in by slow degrees to the hours and the weight of labour, which are destined to break them down long before the period which nature prescribes.

"The inmates of these sad receptacles, from their age, demeanour, and appearance, convey to the visitor a lively idea of the well-organised system of kidnapping to which the trade has been reduced, in order to make provision, in the interior of Africa, for the supply of the factories and slave-markets on the coast. The well-understood difficulty of breaking-in men and women of mature age to the labours of the field has produced a demand at the barracoons for younger victims; so that it is not, as formerly, by going to war, but by the meaner crimes of kidnapping and theft, and the still baser relaxation of social ties and family relations, that these human bazaars are supplied. The range of years in the age of the captives appears to extend from twelve to eighteen, and as the demand for males is much greater than for females, the proportion between the sexes is nearly three to one, I had almost said, in favour of the masculine gender. In fact, this is pretty nearly the relative proportion between the sexes on most of the estates throughout the island. The facilities still left for the practice of the slave-trade, and the consequent cheapness of young Bozals at the barracoons, make it more for the interest of the planter to keep up the numbers of his gang by purchase than by procreation. There are some so totally regardless of every human sentiment, save the sordid sense of their own pecuniary interests, that they people their estates with one sex only, to the total exclusion of females, taking care to prevent the nocturnal wanderings of the men, by locking them up in their plantation prisons, called also barracoons, as soon as their daily labour is concluded.

"Another motive for the continuance of the slave-trade is to be found in the well-known fact, that a state of hopeless servitude has the effect of enervating the slave, and reducing the physical power of his descendants far below the average of his African ancestors. At Demerara, Honduras, and Trinidad, to which colonies the greater part of the captives emancipated by the courts of mixed commission within the last few years have ultimately found their way, I was assured that the labour of eight emancipated Africans was considered equal to that of twelve of the apprenticed labourers born in the colony; and on the same principle a Bozal African, fresh from one of the market places of the Havana, commands an average price of twenty-four ounces of gold, when sold by retail; whereas a Creole of similar age is not worth more than twenty. On this ground, the keeper of one of these market barracoons, with whom I chanced to enter into conversation on the subject of his trade, concluded an argument in favour of its perpetuity, by laying it down as a proposition, not less capable of mathematical demonstration than any of the problems of Euclid, that the difference of four ounces between the value of the Creole and the Bozal made the suppression of the traffic a matter of hopeless, irremediable, and perpetual impossibility!"

The number of slaves annually imported into Cuba alone is very great, although Mr. Turnbull thinks that the amount of *bales*, in the language of slave-dealers,—in that of Christians, human beings, possessed of immortal souls,—stated by Mr. Buxton at 60,000, is overrated. Numbers also are conveyed to the Brazils and to Porto Rico; and Mr. Turnbull is of opinion that, despite the laws of America, which subject the slave-dealer to the penalties of piracy, not a few are carried to the Floridas and Alabama. The only check upon the slave-trade is that of the watch kept by

the British cruisers, who, although zealous in the cause, and further stimulated by the profit derived from the capture of a slaver, are much embarrassed by the legal regulations which hamper their movements. Since the treaty of 1835, it has been lawful to seize Spanish vessels without slaves on board, if certain specified "equipments," such as water-tanks and boilers larger than required for legitimate purposes, were discovered on board; but until a very recent act of Parliament was passed, no Portuguese ship was liable to capture unless slaves were actually on board. America has to this day refused to accede to a mutual right of search; and although an American having negroes on board may be seized, yet it is necessary first to ascertain the fact before taking such a step with safety to the captor. The slave-dealers, who manage their business in a very "business-like" manner, have taken too effectual advantage of these different national arrangements, and it is not unusual for one vessel to carry three sets of papers, to be used as occasion serves. We have not space to point out all the ingenious means used to effect this purpose, but, especially since Portuguese vessels have been brought under the liability of capture for carrying slaving equipments, it is not unusual for an American to be put on board a slaver, to represent the master in case of need.

"By slow degrees the Spanish traders have been compelled to resort to the Portuguese for assistance, until at length, in 1839, the Spanish flag is all but abandoned. The measure tardily adopted by the British Parliament at the close of the last session, deprives the Portuguese authorities of the power to which they clung, of reaping a disgraceful profit from the sale of fabricated registries and the protection they afforded. Extend this principle a little farther; obtain the consent of all the world to the conditions of the equipment clause, the recognition of a mutual right of search, and a declaration that the trade is piracy; and no profits, however exorbitant, will suffice to command the services of agents and supercargoes, masters, officers, and seamen, when they see the gibbet staring them in the face as the fit reward of their crimes.

"If the government of the United States, or any other naval power, refuse its consent, then deal with that power as you have just dealt with Portugal. After browbeating, as you have done, this feeble ally, you will be but too justly accused of equal truculence and truckling—the one as arrant as the other is base,—if you stop short there, speaking one language to the weak and another to the strong. The people of the United States will never suffer their government to go to war for the purpose of countenancing a trade confessedly injurious to the 'peculiar institutions of the south'; but if they did, they would deprive themselves of that moral force which, happily for the peace of the world, neither people nor government can conveniently dispense with at this advanced period of the nineteenth century."

At present, as soon as a negro is landed in Cuba, the interests of the slave-dealer are secured. The "equipments" of his vessel are soon got rid of, and the vessel enters the port without fear. The negro has no quarter from whence he can hope for redress, no advocate to take his part; he can sue out no *habeas corpus*, nor can any other do it for him. Upon this fact Mr. Turnbull takes his strong ground, and states his firm conviction that if such a resource were given to the Bozal negro, it would be more effectual in putting a finishing blow to the trade. He states that there can be in no instance any difficulty in distinguishing and proving the difference between a Bozal and a Creole negro; and admitting this fact, we give his proposed amendments to the existing treaties in his own words:—

"In every negotiation with the Spanish government, it is of course assumed that her Catholic Majesty is as desirous as we are to prevent the pollution of the soil of her transatlantic dominions by the continuance of this wholesale system of murder. The suggestion I have now to offer would first of all apply an effectual test to the sincerity of those unblushing assertions so constantly addressed to our minister at Madrid by her Catholic Majesty's government, and by the captain-general at the Havana to the British commissioners, but hitherto in practice so totally disregarded.

"It is matter of notoriety that in Spanish courts of justice, whether in the colonies or the peninsula, all judicial proceedings, civil or criminal, take place with closed doors; the discussion is

not even conducted *viva voce*. The pleadings of the lawyers and the deliberations of the court are uniformly reduced to a written form, and are as perfectly private in their nature as it is possible to conceive. In what I have to suggest, therefore, there would not be room for the groundless pretence, set up as an apology by Captain-General Espeleta for his refusal to publish in the 'Diario de Habana,' the royal order which enjoined him and his subordinate functionaries to use their utmost exertions for the suppression of the slave-trade. That apology was the pretended fear of insurrection among the negroes.

"By extending the powers of the court of mixed commission, conducted, as its proceedings have always been, in strict conformity with the Spanish principle of closed doors, written pleadings, and secret deliberations, there could be no pretence for the fear of commotion, or of danger to the public peace, if it were suffered to consider the civil right, under the existing laws of Spain, of an imported African to his freedom, after the fact of his being landed in the island.

"If this simple extension of the powers of the court were strongly pressed on the Spanish government by such a minister as Lord Clarendon, who has so often received the assurances of successive administrations of their earnest desire to abolish the traffic, the argument would be utterly irresistible, and the court of Madrid would be shamed into instant compliance.

"It remains to inquire what would be the probable effect of this extension of the power and jurisdiction of the Havana court of mixed commission.

"The first consequence would be to produce a radical and practical change in the legal condition of the imported African. As matters now stand, the mere fact of his touching the soil of the island is sufficient to doom him to perpetual bondage. Once put on shore, the interests of the slave-dealer are secured. From that instant the slave may safely be transferred into another ship, and removed to any other point of her Catholic Majesty's possessions. Thenceforward the property in the slave, having become an acquired, and, practically speaking, an acknowledged right, the pretended owner may laugh a whole squadron of British cruisers to scorn.

"If the ordinary courts of justice would but do their duty, and if some poor Bozal were put into a position to assert his right to his personal liberty by the ordinary forms of judicial process, there cannot be a doubt that he would be entitled by the existing law to a judgment in his favour. The possessor of the slave might be compelled to prove his right of dominion over him; and that right could not be supported without a legal title.

"The only real difficulty in the way is the unwillingness of the public functionaries (the judges not excepted) to carry the law into effect. Strictly speaking, there can be no legal right of ownership in a Bozal negro under the existing laws of the Spanish monarchy; and if the captain-general had not been prevented by secret counter orders from carrying these laws into effect, the trade would long ago have been effectually suppressed.

"Most certainly the public barracoons, which notoriously exist under the very windows of the suburban palace of the viceroy, could never have been suffered to remain there to give a standing lie to his excellency's professions. But place those barracoons where you please, they could not escape the attention of the British commissioners, nor of the superintendent of liberated Africans. The tried moral courage of the gentleman who now holds that office, and his distinguished zeal in the cause of abolition, would admirably qualify him for the performance of the duties of an official protector and assessor of the liberties of these newly-imported Bozals.

"Suppose the court of mixed commission at the Havana to remain in its present form, and that by an additional article to the treaty of 1835 it should be authorised to deliberate on the right of an African to his freedom, as well after as before his merciless persecutors have thrown his body on the beach, it would not be easy for any minister in Madrid, in dealing with Lord Clarendon, after all that has passed on the subject, and after all the solemn assurances of the sincere desire of the Spanish government to abolish the traffic, to bring forward any plausible pretext for refusing his consent to this extension of the jurisdiction of the court, rendered indispensable by the acknowledged evasion of the equipment clause, and by the notorious transfer of the trade to the flag of Portugal.

"In this view of the matter, the mere existence of the court for twenty years, in the course of which discussions have arisen affecting the freedom of entire cargoes of Africans, without producing a single practical evil, to give the captain-general or the

government any substantive cause of complaint, affords a broad basis on which the demand for an enlargement of the powers of the court may be conveniently founded. Any case that could come before it under the proposed additional article, however important in principle, would not be of a nature to justify the fear of insurrection. Each particular cause brought up for adjudication would only involve the right of a single African to his freedom.

"If pushed to its full extent, it is true that, by the constant repetition of the process, it would go far to denigrate the sugar estates, and deprive them of their predial labourers. On this ground, unless limited to future importations, it would be loudly objected to by almost all classes of the inhabitants of Cuba; but if in the new article or the new treaty a day were fixed, past, present, or future, which was to become the *terminus a quo*, from whence its operation was to begin, the number of persons who could suffer in their interests would be exceedingly limited, and would also be clearly defined. But suppose it to have no retroactive effect, and that all past infractions of laws and treaties are to be overlooked; then, as the only parties who would really sustain any grievance would be those who have invested their capital in Baltimore clippers, and who would thereby be deprived of the means of turning their purchases to profitable account, no man would venture to say that the future and contingent advantages to arise from the further prosecution of the slave-trade, whether agricultural, commercial, or political, could be seriously taken into account. As well might the contingent profits of the shipbuilders of Maryland be entitled to a favourable consideration."

In our eyes there appears to be much sound sense in the amendment proposed by Mr. Turnbull; but to be perfectly efficient, an alteration is needed in the constitution of the "mixed courts of commission," which at present decide upon the capture of slavers, where, by the terms of treaty, when a difference takes place between the judges, the case is literally decided by the dice-box, or drawing straws.

LOVER'S LEAP,

MIDDLETON DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

It may be remarked, that in almost every country where mountains and rocks abound, some legend exists of a Lover's Leap, some sad tale to perpetuate the deplorable catastrophe of some victim to blighted affections or unrequited love. These, however, generally rest in traditions, and are so far thrown backward into the depth of ages as scarcely to bear on the face of them any resemblance to truth or probability. What I am now going to relate took place about four-score years ago, and the facts were related to me by an old man who saw the young woman the morning of the occurrence, and who knew her the greater part of her after-life.

Stoney Middleton is a Peak town on the road to Manchester from Chesterfield and Sheffield, and at about the distance of twelve miles from each of the latter places. It was originally inhabited by miners and persons dependent on the manufacture of lead, but at present that class of inhabitants forms but a very inconsiderable portion of its population. From the advantage of a good road, it has become a town of carriers and quarry-men, and the limestone rocks are in a daily state of transportation to the foundries at Chesterfield as a flux for iron-stone; the carriers bringing back from the Chesterfield canal, or from other carriers that meet them from Mansfield, loads of malt to be forwarded to Manchester. Such is the extent of this branch of industry, that there may be seen on this line of road daily perhaps a score or two of single-horse carts, all engaged in the same employment.

Few towns, even in Derbyshire, present more rusticity in their appearance than Stoney Middleton; no one can be more irregularly or inconveniently built. Its natural site is a collection of abrupt prominences, rising from a very circumscribed point, scarcely admitting the denomination of a plain or a vale. On these prominences, ranged one above another in a succession of natural terraces, are built the houses—rude, mean erections of unshaped limestone blocks, with walls of enormous thickness, and apartments consequently small and low and gloomy in the extreme,—a rude set of habitations, which just serve the purposes of dwellings, but which are devoid of even the most common of accommodations.

At the northern end of the town, the Manchester road runs up the bottom of a narrow dale, originally nothing more than a long, frightful chasm betwixt the rifted rocks, forming merely a channel for one of those mountain streams with which the Peak landscape

is so commonly diversified; its bottom has been widened, a beautiful road completed, and an impetus given to the industry of the neighbourhood. The little stream skirts the road on one side, putting in motion the machinery of a colour-mill and other works built at the foot of the sloping mountain; while the other side is almost overhung by a long irregular ridge of perpendicular limestone rocks of uncommon altitude, and of various beautiful but fantastic forms. Sometimes the rock assumes the appearance of a castle, and in the grey twilight, or when the morning mist softens the hard outline, turrets and ruined battlements with mouldering parapets and embrasures, are presented to the eye. Spires and minarets distinguish another portion of the rocks, and the whole length, nearly two miles, displays such a succession of singular and interesting scenery as perhaps no other country can produce. To describe the various beauties of this dale, and of those branching from it, would require a volume of no ordinary dimensions.

At the lower end of the dale, just after leaving the town, the traveller sees on his left hand, built under and perhaps partly within the rock, a public-house bearing the name upon its sign of "THE LOVER'S LEAP INN." Close beyond it, projecting towards the road, is the bold profile of a rock of tremendous height, apparently divided into stages and fringed by stunted trees springing from the clefts, where no one could imagine they could find support, breaking its outline and softening the harshness of its aspect. This rock is the LOVER'S LEAP; a name which it has acquired from the following singular occurrence:—

About the time, I think, of making the road up the dale, when labourers came from a distance to seek employment, a young man of the name of Johnson, a stranger in those parts, took lodgings at the house of a farmer in Middleton. A Don Juan in humble life, he courted all the ruddy-faced girls in the neighbourhood, but paid particular attention to *Hannah Baddeley*, a comely handsome maiden who lived as servant in his lodgings. To her, as to others, he promised marriage; but she, more confiding than her companions, believed that he meant not to deceive. The wedding day was appointed, every preparation made for the nuptials, when Johnson slipped away and was never heard of more. The girl, dispirited and heart-broken at his perfidy, could not endure to live, and leaving her bed early in the morning, she wandered to the pastures which are on a level with the summit of the rocks, and making her way to the precipice, cast herself headlong down in the hope of terminating her sorrows and her life together. But such was not her fate; her garments caught on some of the projecting bushes, and bounding from stage to stage, her fall still broken by the obstacles she encountered, she at length reached the bottom and was received in a saw-pit among the soft saw-dust which lay at a great thickness on the floor. Stunned with the fall, but otherwise unhurt, she lay some time unable to move; she had however the power of thinking, and she felt convinced she had done wrong; she was sorry she had attempted suicide, but she found herself cured of her passion for her lover, and she resolved, if she could get out of the pit, to go home and let no one know of her adventure. While she was thus ruminating, the sawyers came to work, and were much surprised to find a woman in the pit. She said she was following her cow, and had fallen in, but could not get out again; and this would have been believed had they not looked up and seen several parts of a woman's dress torn and dangling from the bushes, which, coupling with the scratches on her arms and face and neck, gave them an idea of what had been done. In the course of the day this idea was confirmed by her bonnet and handkerchief being found on the point of the rock directly over the saw-pit. The men lifted her out, and so little was she hurt that she walked to her master's house without assistance. She had learned wisdom by her fall; she no longer thought of her lover, but lived for many years in the neighbourhood, and died unmarried.

Such is the origin of the name of this projecting rock; it is truly a *Lover's Leap*, and will be known as such so long as it remains unblasted or uncarried to the furnace.

DR. DODDRIDGE'S EPIGRAM ON HIS FAMILY MOTTO,

"DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS."

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
 "And seize the pleasures of the present day."
 "Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
 "And give to God each moment as it flies,"
 Lord, in my view let both united be—
 I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

A CASTILIAN LEGEND.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

IN the cloisters of the ancient Benedictine convent of San Domingo, at Silos, in Castile, are the mouldering yet magnificent monuments of the once powerful and chivalrous family of Hinojosa. Among these, reclines the marble figure of a knight, in complete armour, with the hands pressed together, as if in prayer. On one side of his tomb is sculptured in relief a band of Christian cavaliers, capturing a cavalcade of male and female Moors: on the other side, the same cavaliers are represented kneeling before an altar. The tomb, like most of the neighbouring monuments, is almost in ruins, and the sculpture is nearly unintelligible, excepting to the keen eye of the antiquary. The story connected with the sepulchre, however, is still preserved in the old Spanish chronicles, and is to the following purport.

IN old times, several hundred years ago, there was a noble Castilian cavalier, named Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, lord of a border castle, which had stood the brunt of many a Moorish foray. He had seventy horsemen as his household troops, all of the ancient Castilian proof; stark warriors, hard riders, and men of iron: with these he scoured the Moorish lands, and made his name terrible throughout the borders. His castle hall was covered with banners, and cimiers, and Moslem helmets, the trophies of his prowess. Don Munio was, moreover, a keen huntsman; and rejoiced in hounds of all kinds, steeds for the chase, and hawks for the towering sport of falconry. When not engaged in warfare, his delight was to beat up the neighbouring forests; and scarcely ever did he ride forth without hound and horn, a boar-spear in his hand, or a hawk upon his fist, and an attendant train of huntsmen.

His wife, Donna Maria Palacin, was of a gentle and timid nature, little fitted to be the spouse of so hardy and adventurous a knight; and many a tear did the poor lady shed, when he sallied forth upon his daring enterprises, and many a prayer did she offer up for his safety.

As this doughty cavalier was one day hunting, he stationed himself in a thicket, on the borders of a green glade of the forest, and dispersed his followers to rouse the game, and drive it toward his stand. He had not been here long, when a cavalcade of Moors, of both sexes, came pranking over the forest lawn. They were unarmed, and magnificently dressed in robes of tissue and embroidery, rich shawls of India, bracelets and anklets of gold, and jewels that sparkled in the sun.

At the head of this cavalcade rode a youthful cavalier, superior to the rest in dignity and loveliness of demeanour, and splendour of attire: beside him was a damsel, whose veil, blown aside by the breeze, displayed a face of surpassing beauty, and eyes cast down in maiden modesty, yet beaming with tenderness and joy.

Don Munio thanked his stars for sending him such a prize, and exulted at the thought of bearing home to his wife the glittering spoils of these infidels. Putting his hunting-horn to his lips, he gave a blast that rung through the forest. His huntsmen came running from all quarters, and the astonished Moors were surrounded and made captives.

The beautiful Moor wrung her hands in despair, and her female attendants uttered the most piercing cries. The young Moorish cavalier alone retained self-possession. He inquired the name of the Christian knight who commanded this troop of horsemen. When told that it was Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, his countenance lighted up. Approaching that cavalier and kissing his hand, "Don Munio Sancho," said he, "I have heard of your fame as a true and valiant knight, terrible in arms, but schooled in the noble virtues of chivalry. Such do I trust to find you. In me you behold Abadil, son of a Moorish Alcayde. I am on the way to celebrate my nuptials with this lady; chance has thrown us in your power, but I confide in your magnanimity. Take all our treasure and jewels; demand what ransom you think proper for our persons, but suffer us not to be insulted or dishonoured."

When the good knight heard this appeal, and beheld the beauty of the youthful pair, his heart was touched with tenderness and courtesy. "God forbid," said he, "that I should disturb such happy nuptials. My prisoners in troth shall ye be for fifteen days, and immured within my castle, where I claim, as conqueror, the right of celebrating your espousals."

So saying, he despatched one of his fleetest horsemen in advance, to notify Donna Maria Palacin of the coming of this bridal party; while he and his huntsmen escorted the cavalcade, not as captors, but as a guard of honour. As they drew near to the castle,

the banners were hung out, and the trumpets sounded from the battlements; and on their nearer approach, the drawbridge was lowered, and Donna Maria came forth to meet them, attended by her ladies and knights, her pages and her minstrels. She took the young bride, Allifra, in her arms, kissed her with the tenderness of a sister, and conducted her into the castle. In the mean time, Don Munio sent forth missives in every direction, and had viands and dainties of all kinds collected from the country round; and the wedding of the Moorish lovers was celebrated with all possible state and festivity. For fifteen days the castle was given up to joy and revelry. There were tiltings and jousts at the ring, and bull-fights, and banquets, and dances to the sound of minstrelsy. When the fifteen days were at an end, he made the bride and bridegroom magnificent presents, and conducted them and their attendants safely beyond the borders. Such, in old times, were the courtesy and generosity of a Spanish cavalier.

Several years after this event, the King of Castile summoned his nobles to assist him in a campaign against the Moors. Don Munio Sancho was among the first to answer to the call, with seventy horsemen, all staunch and well-trying warriors. His wife, Donna Maria, hung about his neck. "Alas, my lord!" exclaimed she, "how often wilt thou tempt thy fate, and when wilt thou thirst for glory be appeased!"

"One battle more," replied Don Munio, "one battle more, for the honour of Castile, and I here make a vow, that when this is over, I will lay by my sword, and repair with my cavaliers in pilgrimage to the sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem." The cavaliers all joined with him in the vow, and Donna Maria felt in some degree soothed in spirit: still, she saw with a heavy heart the departure of her husband, and watched his banner with wistful eyes, until it disappeared among the trees of the forest.

The King of Castile led his army to the plains of Almanara, where they encountered the Moorish host, near to Ucles. The battle was long and bloody; the Christians repeatedly wavered, and were as often rallied by the energy of their commanders: Don Munio was covered with wounds, but refused to leave the field. The Christians at length gave way, and the king was hardly pressed, and in danger of being captured.

Don Munio called upon his cavaliers to follow him to the rescue. "Now is the time," cried he, "to prove your loyalty. Fall to, like brave men! We fight for the true faith, and if we lose our lives here, we gain a better life hereafter."

Rushing with his men between the king and his pursuers, they checked the latter in their career, and gave time for their monarch to escape; but they fell victims to their loyalty. They all fought to the last gasp. Don Munio was singled out by a powerful Moorish knight, but having been wounded in the right arm, he fought to disadvantage, and was slain. The battle being over, the Moor paused to possess himself of the spoils of this redoubtable Christian warrior. When he unlaced the helmet, however, and beheld the countenance of Don Munio, he gave a great cry and smote his breast. "Woe is me!" cried he, "I have slain my benefactor—the flower of knightly virtue, the most magnanimous of cavaliers!"

While the battle had been raging on the plain of Salmanara, Donna Maria Palacin remained in her castle, a prey to the keenest anxiety. Her eyes were for ever fixed on the road that led from the country of the Moors, and often she asked the watchman of the tower, "What seest thou?"

One evening, at the shadowy hour of twilight, the warden sounded his horn. "I see," cried he, "a numerous train winding up the valley. There are mingled Moors and Christians. The banner of my lord is in the advance. Joyful tidings!" exclaimed the old seneschal: "my lord returns in triumph, and brings captives!" Then the castle court rang with shouts of joy; and the standard was displayed, and the trumpets were sounded, and the drawbridge was lowered, and Donna Maria went forth with her ladies, and her knights, and her pages, and her minstrels, to welcome her lord from the wars. But as the train drew nigh, she beheld a sumptuous bier, covered with black velvet, and on it lay a warrior, as if taking his repose: he lay in his armour, with his helmet on his head, and his sword in his hand, as one who had never been conquered; and around the bier were the escutcheons of the house of Hinojosa.

A number of Moorish cavaliers attended the bier, with emblems of mourning, and with dejected countenances; and their leader cast himself at the feet of Donna Maria, and hid his face in his hands. She beheld in him the gallant Abadil, whom she had once welcomed with his bride to her castle, but who now came with the body of her lord, whom he had unknowingly slain in battle!

THE sepulchre erected in the cloisters of the Convent of San Domingo, was achieved at the expense of the Moor Abadil, as a feeble testimony of his grief for the death of the good knight Don Munio, and his reverence for his memory. The tender and faithful Donna Maria soon followed her lord to the tomb. On one of the stones of a small arch, beside his sepulchre, is the following simple inscription:—"Hic jacet Maria Palacin, uxor Munonis Sancio de Hinojosa." Here lies Maria Palacin, wife of Munio Sancho de Hinojosa.

The legend of Don Munio Sancho does not conclude with his death. On the same day on which the battle took place on the plain of Salmana, a chaplain of the Holy Temple at Jerusalem, while standing at the outer gate, beheld a train of Christian cavaliers advancing, as if in pilgrimage. The chaplain was a native of Spain, and as the pilgrims approached, he knew the foremost to be Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, with whom he had been well acquainted in former times. Hastening to the patriarch, he told him of the honourable rank of the pilgrims at the gate. The patriarch, therefore, went forth with a grand procession of priests and monks, and received the pilgrims with all due honour. There were seventy cavaliers, beside their leader, all stark and lofty warriors. They carried their helmets in their hands, and their faces were deadly pale. They greeted no one, nor looked either to the right or to the left, but entered the chapel, and kneeling before the Sepulchre of our Saviour, performed their orisons in silence. When they had concluded, they rose as if to depart, and the patriarch and his attendants advanced to speak to them, but they were no more to be seen. Every one marvelled what could be the meaning of this prodigy. The patriarch carefully noted down the day, and sent to Castile to learn tidings of Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa. He received for reply, that on the very day specified, that worthy knight, with seventy of his followers, had been slain in battle. These, therefore, must have been the blessed spirits of those Christian warriors, come to fulfil their vow of a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Such was Castilian faith in the olden time, which kept its word even beyond the grave.

If any one should doubt of the miraculous apparition of these phantom knights, let him consult the History of the Kings of Castile and Leon, by the learned and pious Fray Prudencio de Sandoval, Bishop of Pamplona, where he will find it recorded in the History of the King Don Alonso VI., on the hundred and second page. It is too precious a legend to be lightly abandoned to the doubter.—*From the Knickerbocker.*

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

ONE of the smartest young fellows in my native provincial town was Tom Featherstone—he was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Tom Featherstone belonged to that class of handy-looking, clean-built people, who always appear genteel, even if shabbily dressed—much, however, was never Tom's case. Lively, active, and ever smiling, he was a pet when a child, a favourite when a boy, and popular as a young man. "Och, then, bless his heart!" said an old Irishwoman, who kept a stall hard by his mother's house, and to whom Tom, when he could toddle, was not an indifferent customer—"Och, then, bless his heart, but he's born to good luck! Didn't I see a gentleman looking at him by the hour as he played in the sun there, and then he put his hand in his pocket and gave him a penny; and the dear little creature came over to me, and I picked out the nicest apple I had on my stall for him—bless his heart, but he's born to good luck!"

So thought Tom's mother. She was a widow, and, by a sort of not unnatural confusion of ideas, thought that because she was a widow, that therefore her child was under some peculiar providential care. She knew that the Scripture said, "Leave thy fatherless children, and let your widows trust in me;" and she also knew that "pure religion and undefiled" was said to consist in "visiting the widow and fatherless in their affliction," and to keep oneself "unspotted from the world." And am not I a widow? thought Mrs. Featherstone to herself, and is not my child fatherless? Why, then, should she doubt but that Providence should take special care of her boy? So far did she carry this notion, that she believed her boy to be specially exempted from the common casualties of children; when he had a fall, somehow or other he always "fell on his feet;" and when, one day, after a tumble from top to bottom of a flight of stairs, his alarmed mother picked him up, and

found not a scratch on his body, she ran over to the stall of the Irishwoman, and told the wonderful story, without abating a particle of the particulars. "And am not I always telling you," said the Irishwoman, "that that boy is born to good luck? Sorra a ha'porth will ever come over him!"

Tom became a general favourite at school. He had not daring enough, nor mischief enough, to be a "leader" amongst his school-fellows, but then he was just as far removed from cowardice or cunning. Nobody could ever accuse Tom of skulking off, or shuffling, yet Tom never—at least seldom—got into a scrape. He was used by his companions as a sort of "acting secretary," or "standing counsel," and his instinctive fertility of judgment and invention was not only the justification, but the cause, of their preference. If a favour was to be solicited, Tom was made the spokesman, for he had a frank, ingenuous manner, which made it difficult to refuse him; if fishing-rods and lines were to be set in order, or bait to be got, Tom could arrange and unravel the one, or quickly find out the other; if a kite wanted balancing, Tom was the boy to do it. In fact, as the old Irishwoman said he was born to good luck, so his schoolfellows thought he was made for it; and "Lucky Tom" became so common a phrase, that the very schoolmaster, when he chose to relax a little in dignity, and to become jocular, would ask him about the last run of "good luck" he had.

When Tom grew up, his "good luck" did not appear to desert him. A commercial firm—the most respectable in the town—wanted a genteel youth for their counting-room; and not a few applications had been made, from heads of families, too, of some repute. Mrs. Featherstone heard of the situation, and strong in the faith of her son's "good luck," she walked straight into the counting-house. After she told in few words what she wanted, one of the principals looked at Tom, and you might have thought that Tom, by a wink of his eye, or some other potent action, had "fascinated him." He walked into an inner room, to consult an elder partner, and presently returning, desired Tom to come next Monday. Going home, he met one of the youths who had been a candidate for the situation, and told him how he had succeeded. "You are a lucky fellow!" was the reply; and when he reached the house, his mother told him for the three hundredth and sixty-fifth time, how the poor, old, decent Irishwoman, that used to keep the stall opposite the door, had always said he was "born to good luck."

For five years Tom Featherstone continued to rise in the good graces of the Firm. His activity, prompt business habits, conciliatory manner with customers, and sharp, quick turn, all favoured him. Yet Tom had no cunning, no meanness, no "sneaking ways." Nobody knew better when to bow with solemnity, when to touch his hat with gay familiarity, when to shake hands with a rough boisterousness, according to the character he was dealing with: yet it was all done, not from observation, but by a sort of natural instinct. His more awkward or solemn companions would sometimes ask for his "secret:" but Tom had no "secret;" it was merely his "good luck," he said, and no particular merit; "try and do as I do," he would add, "and perhaps you will turn out unlucky."

Tom never thought of saving money, because he never felt the want of it. Somehow or other he was always getting "extras;" if he was sent to make purchases, he was permitted to accept an occasional commission from some of the smaller folks in the same line, who put perfect confidence in him; and having a considerable reputation as an accountant, not unfrequently he received a job to disentangle some complicated matters, which he usually effected with an ease that seemed miraculous to some people. "How in the world do you do it, Featherstone?" said a crusty old, pragmatical fellow-clerk, over whom he had been virtually promoted; "you get through business in a day that would take me a week!" Tom did not know how he did it; it was his "luck" he said, and who could help being lucky?

Amongst youth of his own age, Tom Featherstone was welcome. With a number of young men he got up a choral society, of which

he was secretary; he also kept the books of a ladies' society for charitable purposes; and at evening parties he was quite a privileged man. Some of the young ladies, who, perhaps, thought they had but a remote chance of him, called him "slammakin Tom," but all the others voted him unanimously the most obliging, good-natured, and genteel young man in the town. Not a few of the matrons thought that somebody's daughter would be in "luck's way," that would get "lucky Tom," for he seemed predestined to rise in the world.

A whisper ran through the town that lucky Tom Featherstone was about to be married. "Who?" was the invariable first response; and when quite assured that it was actually Tom Featherstone, the next inquiry, uttered in a sort of suppressed, almost breathless and bewildered anxiety, was, "Who is he going to have?" Those who put great faith in Tom's "good luck," thought that undoubtedly it would be one of the daughters of one of the partners of the firm; he had frequently been seen escorting them. "And I pity him, then," said Mrs. Fitzwilliam to Mrs. Hervey, "for the proud, upstart creatures think themselves above him, and if one of them is going to take him, it must be because her father wishes it, and she will lead him a dog's life!" "Ah but, my dear, there is plenty of money in the family—let lucky Tom alone, he knows what he is about." Some other informant now came in with more accurate information; it was "currently reported" that Tom Featherstone was going to have Miss Baillie, the eldest daughter of Doctor Baillie, the chief medical man of the town. "A very good match, I say, then, it is; she's a good and a pretty girl." "Oh, nonsense, he might have done much better—her father has nothing to spare her!" But, again, somebody said that *she* had heard that it was old John Murray's daughter, the daughter of an old fellow who had kept a shop for fifty years, and was thought to be worth "a bit of money." "Oh, horrid," replied the objector, "he never could think of marrying such a vulgar thing as that—positively if he does, my good opinion of him will be quite gone!" In this way nearly all the marriageable girls of the town had their characters discussed, and their respective families' condition commented on, in every circle, when it became known that Tom Featherstone was going to be married.

Murder, they say, will not hide, neither will marriage. The truth came out at last, and the whole town was electrified by learning that Tom Featherstone was going to be married to Mary Blundell. "Mary Blundell!" died on everybody's lips. "La! did you hear that it is Mary Blundell Tom Featherstone is going to have?" "Mary Blundell!" Only to think that lucky Tom Featherstone should throw himself away! His common sense, his taste, his prudence, and the goodness of his eyesight, were all called in question—Tom Featherstone fell one hundred and fifty per cent. in the estimation of one half of the ladies of the town. But a minority, an unimportant minority, took up the cudgels for Mary Blundell. She was a good girl, and a nice girl, and though not to say pretty, a very pleasing girl; and though her parents were poor, they were respected, if not respectable. She would make a very good wife for Tom Featherstone, and it showed his good sense not to aspire too high. He was a very nice young man, but what was he, after all, that he should be thought too good for Mary Blundell? In this way opinions differed; the only matter about which there was unanimity, was in perfect wonder and astonishment how he had carried on his courtship. Not a few thought that he must be a "sly" fellow after all; and a few of the sneerers insinuated that Mary Blundell was to be caught without any courtship at all.

But Tom Featherstone, from the time of his being a schoolboy, had always a corner in his heart for Mary Blundell. Love it could hardly be called, for Tom Featherstone's temperament was rather volatile for so sedate and sentimental a matter at so early an age. Still, Mary Blundell was so quiet, so composed, so nice a looking girl, that one might hardly wonder how her dark eyes and silken-like fringes of eyelids, had impressed Tom's fancy. Mary, though a very amiable, sweet-tempered girl, was not par-

ticularly bright; and Tom, at school, had often saved her from a headache and a scold by working up sums for her on her slate, over which poor Mary sat poring, as if they were impenetrable masses of figures. As both grew up, they always exchanged cordial greetings, when they chanced to meet on the street; but they never met in company, and nobody ever dreamed—perhaps Mary did herself, though—about there being anything more than a mere acquaintance. When Tom Featherstone occasionally thought of Mary Blundell for his wife, it was as a sort of remote visionary idea, floating, like a pleasing but unreal speculation through a brain not disposed to dwell too long on one idea.

Now, how Tom Featherstone came to marry Mary Blundell was as follows:—Tom was not without ambition; and being frequently in the company of the daughters of one of the partners of the firm (as already mentioned), and being much patronised by their mother, a proud woman, who thought of Tom as a fine young man, and regarded him as a sort of superior servant "out of livery," he had been led to entertain the idea of aspiring to the hand of one of the young ladies. The one he selected permitted him to say a great many agreeable things to her; they generally walked in the vanguard of the procession; and latterly Tom's services as an escort were perpetually in requisition, and for a time he supped every night at his employer's house. Tom's mind was quite made up; he received with complacency the hints, insinuations, and jokes of his fellow-clerks, about his usual "good luck;" and he firmly believed that his condition was an enviable one. Elated one evening by the unusual kindness of the mother and the hilarity of the daughter, he took "heart o' grace," and fairly proposed himself as they were out on their evening walk. The young lady at first did not appear to comprehend him, but Tom attributed this to her native modesty, and pressed his suit in plainer terms. When it was no longer possible for the lady to misunderstand him, her countenance assumed an aspect that rather put Tom out of his calculation. *She*, who was thinking of nothing less than making a conquest of a young baronet, whose estate was in the neighbourhood of the town, to be thus addressed, and on the highway too, by one of her father's clerks! Scarcely a word, however, was spoken, and Tom still imagined he was in "luck's way;" but they turned homewards, and on entering the house, the daughter, in a tone between scorn and crying, addressed her mother,—"That fellow has had the insolence to propose marriage to me!"

Truth should be spoken; and the truth was, that mother and daughters looked upon Tom as an agreeable sort of puppy-dog, whom they graciously permitted to gambol out with them on their walks, and allowed the *entrée* of the drawing-room. Poor Tom! this was the first really serious rubber of ill luck he had played in his life. The mother, in the most grave and provokingly palliating tone, desired her daughter to excuse the young man's inexperience; she was positive he was too well-meaning a young man to intend any rudeness—if it was a joke, let it be so, and she hoped Tom would not forget himself again. Then, in the most gracious manner, she dismissed him, telling him that if they should require his services they would be sure to let him know.

Lively as Tom was, he could hardly hold up his head for some weeks after this event; yet nobody out of the family knew anything at all about it—it was only Tom's own consciousness which mortified him. This was aggravated by the particularly kind manner with which mother and daughters walked into the counting-house, one day, to inquire after Tom's health—hoped he was quite well, and desired him to execute a few small commissions for them. He was stung to the quick; yet all the while his fellow-clerks thought that he was higher in favour than ever! It was then that he resolved to marry Mary Blundell, and in a month from that fatal visit in the counting-house, Mary Blundell was Mrs. Featherstone.

After the wonder had ceased in the town, and even the servant-maids had given over criticising the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone, Tom became reconciled to his lot, and began to find himself happy. His salary was raised; higher duties were assigned to him; greater confidence was placed in him. Tom

determined to show that he was none the worse for his marriage; set up a very nice establishment; gave dinner and supper parties; keeping a sort of open house. His "good luck," that for a moment seemed checked, appeared to flow stronger than ever. Time, too, wrought its wonders. In as brief a space as possible, there came little Tom Featherstone, little Mary Featherstone, little George Featherstone, little Eliza Featherstone, little Anna Featherstone, and little baby Featherstone. "Ah! you dog, you," he would say to some bachelor visitor, "why don't you get married? see how happy I am!" Eight years had elapsed, and the proud dame who had treated him so disdainfully was still a spinster, and likely soon to turn round into a sour old maid; and despised Mary Blundell, not more than twenty-eight years of age, was the contented mother of six healthy and happy little Featherstones; while old Mrs. Featherstone, still light and active, gazed upon her grandchildren with an affection a little more doting than she had done on Tom; and she prognosticated that all these Featherstones would turn out as lucky as their father.

But Tom, as a married man, committed sundry grave faults; and the first of them was not allowing his wife to take any active share in the management of the household expenses. Mary, as we have said, was a mild, quiet creature; but her mind was not particularly active, and Tom, all unwittingly, circumscribed its sphere. It was his "conceit" to lay in all the household supplies himself; he bought wine and potatoes, beef and calicoes, silks and vegetables—Mary had not even to distress herself about as much as a pair of baby's socks. Her mind, thus trammelled, had no field for exercise in what ought to be the peculiar province of a married woman—she became confirmed in habits of helplessness. And out of this fault grew another, that Tom never consulted his wife about anything; it never was a habit with him, and she was contentedly ignorant of annual income and annual expenditure.

Another fault was his living up to his income. True, he could talk about savings, annuities, assurances, &c. in a very off-hand manner; and was perpetually calculating what small sums would amount to, in a given time, when laid out at compound interest. But "talk" was all Tom did, as far as he was himself concerned: the evil day, with him, had not appeared on the horizon, and he was always active, and busy, and "lucky."

A distant relation persuaded Tom to become security for him for a considerable sum; and the fatal time arrived when the relation was nowhere to be found, and the money to pay. It so happened, at that particular time, that Tom was shorter than usual of cash; his family had been on a trip to a watering-place, and his salary had been overdrawn. Had it happened some six months before, Tom could have got over the difficulty, but just then—it was so unlucky! Payment of the money was pressed; Tom did not like to ask for assistance; and in a thoughtless moment he tried a mode of getting rid of the difficulty that proved anything but "lucky." He was now chief manager of the business; and he put the name of "The Firm" to a bill on his own account. The matter *might* have passed; the bill *might* have been taken up in the usual course of business. But, by one of those seemingly innocent casualties on which important events often hang, the bill, along with others, came—a rare circumstance—under the scrutiny of the senior partner of the Firm! a stern old man, with rigid notions of mercantile honour, and highly impressed with the importance of the reputation of his "house," of which he had been the founder. A few inquiries were made, not from any suspicion, but merely for information; and Tom—no rogue in grain, but lax in principle—coloured up to the eyes, faltered—the truth came out! A consultation was immediately held amongst the partners; Tom was cross-examined; he recovered his self-possession; told the facts in a clear and explicit way; brought his books to show that he could make them up at a minute's notice, and that all was right; and then, in an humble but manly tone, petitioned for pardon for this his first commercial offence. One or two were inclined to forgive him; but the old man—shook his head! Poor Tom Featherstone went home to his family a dismissed and a disgraced man, and the amount of his

salary overdrawn, as well as the amount of the bill, were set down as so much defalcation, equal to the value of his household goods!

It is an old story about ill news flying fast; and though "The Firm" had sealed its lips on the cause of Tom Featherstone's dismissal, yet it became known that he *was* dismissed, and that suddenly, for something discovered to be wrong. Next morning a buzz was amongst the shopkeepers, all of whom knew Tom well; from them it passed to their wives and daughters, and from these again to the servants. At one corner, a shopkeeper and his wife had collected a group, who were busily discussing the matter, when up bustled a lively retailer of news.

"Good morning, gentlemen. Oh, beg pardon—good morning, ma'am; hope you're well, and the children?"

"Thankee, pretty well—and how are you yourself, and the mistress?"

"Tol oll—you've heard the news, of course?"

"What news?" asked, with apparent eagerness, one of the group; at the same time giving a sort of side signal to the rest to keep him in countenance, and he would show them some fun.

"Oh, all about Tom Featherstone."

"What about him? Is he dead?"

"Oh, no—worse, much worse; shocking, horrible—very bad indeed."

"Can't you tell us what it is, man, and not keep us in suspense?"

"Why, some serious disclosures have taken place; they say he has forged a bill for a thousand pounds; but that I am not certain about, though this I know, that the books have been overhauled, and extraordinary defalcations have been discovered."

The "funny" man, not observing any particular mode of carrying on his "lark," broke out with, "Oh, we knew all about it before you came up: but we have heard a different version of the story, and perhaps from as good an authority."

"Then I can tell you, my information came from head-quarters. Featherstone's books were examined yesterday, and, when he went away, his desk and keys were taken possession of. There's something very serious, you may depend on it."

"Well, well," said a decent old man, one of the party, "who's to know the world, if Featherstone is a swindler!"

"And what is to become of his beautiful family of children?" ejaculated the shopkeeper's wife.

"Poh! as to his children, they must just do as other people's do. My wife tells me that Mrs. Featherstone is an extravagant creature, and I'm sure she was never brought up to it."

Somebody now rushed up. "Boys, boys, have you heard?—Featherstone—Tom Featherstone!—gone to the 'cage'!—it's a fact!"

"For what?"

"Forgery—forgery—they say he has put the Bank in for some thousands! He was taken at five o'clock this morning—handcuffed. I don't know if he made any resistance, but he's in the 'cage' sure enough."

"Poor Mrs. Featherstone!" exclaimed the shopkeeper's wife; "she's a nice little body—how very shocking!"

"Now, what could he have been doing with the money?" said the decent old man, who was still somewhat incredulous, and anxious to prevent Featherstone's character being completely rolled in the ditch.

"Why, as to that, we all know that there are ways of disposing of money which we simple folks are not up to."

"For my part," added another, "I always thought Featherstone a shade too clever; he was always here and there and everywhere, instead of attending his business. I have heard, too, that he had a queer set coming about him; they used to gamble to a great extent, I'm told."

At this moment Featherstone was seen coming up the street, walking, apparently, in his old lively, brisk manner. The man who said he was in the 'cage' sneaked off. The man who said he kept a gambling set about him put his hands in his waistcoat pockets, and in his trousers pockets, and then drew out his pocket

handkerchief, and made the street echo with a nasal sound. The shopkeeper and his wife entrenched themselves in their doorway, as if anxious to make sure of the security of their homestead. Featherstone approached; as he drew near, he saw the group staring at him, and the "good morrow," with which he had intended to salute them, stuck in his throat. This gave the group an advantage; and the man with the pocket-handkerchief advanced: "Good morning, Mr. Featherstone—hope you're quite well, sir; any news to-day, Mr. Featherstone?"

Featherstone had gone out that morning for the very purpose of preventing the spreading of "false reports," by showing himself, in his usual cheerful manner, in all parts of the town. He had intended to stand and talk with the group; but his throat was dry, and he had not his usual buoyancy; he therefore gravely returned the salutes, and passed on.

"There's something wrong," said the man who still had his pocket-handkerchief in his hand: "don't you see how queer he looks?"

"Yes," said the decent old man, "but there's something wrong in these reports—I don't like to believe all I hear."

"I hope so," added the shopkeeper's wife, as the group were breaking up; "I hope so, for the sake of Mrs. Featherstone and the children. John," she continued, to her husband, as he turned into the shop, "look and see what the Featherstones owe us."

That day another consultation was held by "The Firm," the result of which was this. It appeared that all was quite right under the management of Featherstone, except in this single instance; he had abused his trust only in one case, but that involved an alarming and dangerous example. On this ground, propositions for mercy were rejected by the stern senior partner of "The Firm;" but in consideration of Featherstone's services, it was agreed that he should be forgiven the amount of the bill, and also of his salary overdrawn, and thus be dismissed—for ever!

Matters being thus settled, the "town" was duly informed, "on authority," of the real nature of the case: but though the truth was believed, the first impression remained. Tom's character had struck on this "unlucky" bill, as he foolishly designated it; and though, by exertion and future care, the damage might be materially repaired, still he had lost what could not be regained—a confidential situation in a wealthy house, in which he might have remained as snug, almost, as if it had been secured by patent under the Crown.

Tom Featherstone was an honest man, undoubtedly; but his honesty was more an impulse than a principle. Knowing, in his own mind, that he had not the remotest intention of cheating his employers, and that the bill to which he had put their names was within his means, if a little time had elapsed, he looked on the transaction more as an "unlucky" affair, than as a breach of morality; and from thence he came to consider himself an ill-used man. Wherever he went, therefore, about the town, and whenever the subject was introduced, he broke out in exclamations about his services, his exertions, the injustice which had been done him, and the ingratitude of The Firm. This was all duly conveyed to The Firm; and nipped in the bud a plan which was growing up in the minds of two of the partners, about setting up Tom Featherstone in business. This dropped intention was, in its turn, as duly conveyed to Tom, who thereupon blamed his "ill-luck," instead of blaming his tongue; but, plucking up courage, he said he would let them see what he could do for himself.

Tom took a little shop; and for a brief space his energy and activity appeared to return. But he had neither learned himself, nor inspired his wife with, the virtue of economy: she, poor body, was very willing to submit to anything, but having been schooled by her lively husband into something like "passive obedience," she did not know how to begin. Tom, after a time, complained that the shop was dull, and frequently left it to the management of his wife; he himself spending whole days with a borrowed gun,

or with a fishing-rod. His old mother, who still lived, wondered how things were going on so "unlucky;" the rent of the shop mounted up; bills came in; Tom Featherstone was sold out!

He now took a couple of apartments in a small house in the suburbs; and accepted the situation of half clerk, half shopman, at a small salary. But he became rapidly altered for the worse in his appearance—no longer the lively, smart, active fellow, but rather a slouching kind of man, who never could look you straight in the face. Mrs. Featherstone—Mary Blundell that was—sunk down into a dirty sloven; naturally not very active, she made a poor use of her hands when compelled to exercise them. The children were neglected. The eldest boy got his leg broken, when he was out "bird-nesting," with some rough companions; the eldest girl, scrambling with another brother, was thrown on the fire, and sadly burned; another boy, in running up a court-way, came smack against the porter of a wine-cellar, who was carrying boiling wax in a pan, for the purpose of sealing bottles, and a quantity of the wax was spilled over him; and another addition to the family, which had come in the days of their poverty, a puny thing, crawled over the floor, one day, to where the mother had set down a teapot, on a trunk, in her awkward hurry to open the door, and the scalding contents were poured over the unhappy child. Then the eldest boy, when he got well of his broken leg, teased his mother, one day, to get out; and she gave him twopence to get rid of him. With this he joined a band of other boys, who were going a-shooting with an old gun; and having, during their sport, a bag of powder under his arm, a spark entered, blew it up, and he was led home blind. He recovered, after two months of suffering; and his eyes proved "luckily" to be uninjured: but in jumping with some other boys, over a dung-heap, in the neighbourhood of his home, at a game of "keeping the pudding hot," he laughed in the act of jumping, put his leg that had been broken "out," and besides bit a hole clean through his tongue, with which he lingered in agony for weeks. Poor, helpless Mrs. Featherstone! she sat down and wept like a child, and said to a condoling neighbour, that their family had never known "luck" since the time of that "unlucky bill!"

As for Tom Featherstone, you would scarcely have known him, he was so altered. But a sad truth began to ooze out amongst those of the town who took any interest in the fortunes of this fallen family—Tom Featherstone and his wife had taken to drinking! At first, it was stealthily done; the ragged eldest girl being sent over to the public-house to smuggle a drop of gin in a small square bottle. But by-and-by, concealment was disregarded; Tom was seen occasionally reeling homewards, covered sometimes with mud; and now and again the neighbours heard a noise and screams, as if he and his wife were fighting. Tom said his ill-luck had broken his heart, and he took a drop to keep up his spirits—it did him good, he said. Poor wretch! that was the canker-worm that was consuming the energy, manly feeling, and life, of the once handy, smart, active, and well-to-do Tom Featherstone!

Tom lost two or three situations one after another, and then had nothing to do. Having got a shilling for carrying a parcel, he went straight to the public-house, and filled himself dead drunk. In this state he lay out all night amongst some bricks and stones of an unfinished house; and as it was winter, he was found in the morning nearly frozen. Tom Featherstone was carried home, to be laid down on a miserable bed, from whence he was never to rise; and those who bore him home found his wife, even at that early hour, half-tipsy, and the children naked and quarrelling.—But why pursue the painful details? Tom Featherstone, at the age of forty, was laid down in a dishonoured grave; and Mrs. Featherstone—the once mild, quiet, and pretty Mary Blundell—was taken with her family into the workhouse.

Oh, reader, if you have a family, train them up to higher, to nobler principles of action, than the degrading ones of GOOD OR BAD LUCK!

RAMBLES OF AN AMERICAN NATURALIST.—No. IV.

BY JOHN D. GODMAN.

AFTER the sun-fish, as regular annual visitants of the small rivers and creeks containing salt or brackish water, came the crabs, in vast abundance, though for a very different purpose. These singularly-constructed and interesting beings furnished me with another excellent subject for observation; and during the period of their visitation, my skiff was in daily requisition. Floating along with an almost imperceptible motion, a person looking from the shore might have supposed her entirely adrift; for as I was stretched at full length across the seats, in order to bring my sight as close to the water as possible without inconvenience, no one would have observed my presence from a little distance. The crabs belong to a very extensive tribe of beings, which carry their skeletons on the *outside* of their bodies, instead of within; and, of necessity, the fleshy, muscular, or moving power of the body is placed in a situation the reverse of what occurs in animals of a higher order, which have internal skeletons or solid frames to their systems. This peculiarity of the crustaceous animals, and various other beings, is attended with one apparent inconvenience: when they have grown large enough to fill their shell or skeleton completely, they cannot grow farther, because the skeleton, being external, is incapable of enlargement. To obviate this difficulty, the Author of nature has endowed them with the power of casting off the entire shell, increasing in size, and forming another equally hard and perfect, for several seasons successively, until the greatest or maximum size is attained, when the change or sloughing ceases to be necessary—though it is not always discontinued on that account. To undergo this change with greater ease and security, the crabs seek retired and peaceful waters, such as the beautiful creek I have been speaking of, whose clear sandy shores are rarely disturbed by waves causing more than a pleasing murmur, and where the number of enemies must be far less in proportion than in the boisterous waters of the Chesapeake—their great place of concourse. From the first day of their arrival, in the latter part of June, until the time of their departure, which in this creek occurred towards the 1st of August, it was astonishing to witness the vast multitudes which flocked towards the head of the stream.

It is not until they have been for some time in the creek that the moult or sloughing generally commences. They may be then observed gradually coming closer in-shore, to where the sand is fine, fairly exposed to the sun, and a short distance farther out than the lowest water-mark, as they must always have at least a depth of three or four inches water upon them.

The individual, having selected his place, becomes perfectly quiescent, and no change is observed during some hours but a sort of swelling along the edges of the great upper shell at its back part. After a time, this posterior edge of the shell becomes fairly disengaged, like the lid of a chest; and now begins the more difficult work of withdrawing the great claws from their cases, which every one recollects to be vastly larger at their extremities, and between the joints, than the joints themselves. A still greater apparent difficulty presents itself in the shedding of the sort of tendon which is placed within the muscles. Nevertheless, the Author of nature has adapted them to the accomplishment of all this. The disproportionate-sized claws undergo a peculiar softening, which enables the crab, by a very steadily continued, scarcely perceptible effort, to pull them out of their shells; and the business is completed by the separation of the complex parts about the mouth and eyes. The crab now slips out from the slough, settling near it on the sand. It is now covered by a soft, perfectly flexible skin, and, though possessing precisely the same form as before, seems incapable of the slightest exertion. Notwithstanding that such is its condition, while you are gazing on this helpless creature, it is sinking in the fine loose sand, and in a short time is covered up sufficiently to escape the observation of careless or inexperienced observers. Neither can one say how this is effected, although it occurs under their immediate observation; the motions employed to produce the displacement of the sand are too slight to be appreciated, though it is most probably owing to a gradual lateral motion of the body, by which the sand is displaced in the centre beneath, and thus gradually forced up at the sides until it falls over and covers the crab. Examine him within twelve hours, and you will find the skin becoming about as hard as fine writing-paper, producing a similar crackling if compressed; twelve hours later, the shell is sufficiently stiffened to require some slight force

to bend it, and the crab is said to be in *buckram*, as in the first stage it was in *paper*. It is still helpless, and offers no resistance; but at the end of thirty-six hours, it shows that its natural instincts are in action; and by the time forty-eight hours have elapsed, the crab is restored to the exercise of all his functions. I have stated the above as the periods in which the stages of the moult are accomplished; but I have often observed that the rapidity of this process is very much dependent upon the temperature, and especially upon sunshine. A cold, cloudy, raw, and disagreeable interval happening at this period, though by no means common, will retard the operation considerably, protracting the period of helplessness.

This is the harvest season of the white fisherman and of the poor slave. The laziest of the former are now in full activity, wading along the shore from morning till night, dragging a small boat after them, and holding in the other hand a forked stick with which they raise the crabs from the sand. The period during which the crabs remain in the paper state is so short, that great activity is required to gather a sufficient number to take to market, but the price at which they are sold is sufficient to awaken all the cupidity of the crabbers. Two dollars a dozen is by no means an uncommon price for them when the season first comes in; they subsequently come down to a dollar, and even to fifty cents; at any of which rates the trouble of collecting them is well paid. The slaves search for them at night, and then are obliged to kindle a fire of pine-knots on the bow of the boat, which strongly illuminates the surrounding water, and enables them to discover the crabs. Soft crabs are, with great propriety, regarded as an exquisite treat by those who are fond of such eating; and though many persons are unable to use crabs or lobsters in any form, there are few who taste of the soft crabs without being willing to recur to them. As an article of luxury, they are scarcely known north of the Chesapeake, though there is nothing to prevent them from being used to considerable extent in Philadelphia, especially since the opening of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal. The summer of 1829, I had the finest soft crabs from Baltimore. They arrived at the market in the afternoon, were fried according to rule, and placed in a tin butter-kettle, then covered for an inch or two with melted lard, and put on board the steam-boat which left Baltimore at five o'clock the same afternoon. The next morning before ten o'clock they were in Philadelphia, and at one they were served up at dinner in Germantown. The only difficulty in the way is that of having persons to attend to their procuring and transmission; as when cooked directly after they arrive at market, and forwarded with as little delay as above mentioned, there is no danger of their being the least injured.

At other seasons, when the crabs did not come close to the shore, I derived much amusement by taking them in deep water. This is always easily effected by the aid of proper bait; a leg of chicken, a piece of any raw meat, or a salted or spoiled herring, tied to a twine string of sufficient length, and a hand-net of convenient size, is all that is necessary. You throw out your line and bait, or you fix as many lines to your boat as you please, and in a short time you see, by the straightening of the line, that the bait has been seized by a crab, who is trying to make off with it. You then place your net where it can conveniently be picked up, and commence steadily but gently to draw in your line, until you have brought the crab sufficiently near the surface to distinguish him: if you draw him nearer, he will see you, and immediately let go; otherwise, his greediness and voracity will make him cling to his prey to the last. Holding the line in the left hand, you now dip your net edge foremost into the water, at some distance from the line, carry it down perpendicularly until it is five or six inches lower than the crab, and then with a sudden turn-out bring it directly before him, and lift up at the same time. Your prize is generally secured, if your net be at all properly placed; for as soon as he is alarmed, he pushes directly downwards, and is received in the bag of the net. It is better to have a little water in the bottom of the boat to throw them into, as they are easier emptied out of the net—always letting go when held over the water. This a good crabber never forgets; and should he unluckily be seized by a large crab, he holds him over the water, and is freed at once, though he loses his game. When not held over the water, they bite sometimes with dreadful obstinacy; and I have seen it necessary to crush the forceps or claws before one could be induced to let go the fingers of a boy. A poor black fellow also placed himself in an awkward situation: the crab seized him by a finger of his right hand, but he was unwilling to lose his captive by holding him over the water; instead of which, he attempted to

secure the other claw with his left hand, while he tried to crush the biting claw between his teeth. In doing this, he somehow relaxed his left hand, and with the other claw the crab seized poor Jem by his under-lip—which was by no means a thin one,—and caused him to roar with pain. With some difficulty he was freed from his tormentor; but it was several days before he ceased to excite laughter, as the severe bite was followed by a swelling of the lip, which imparted a most ludicrous expression to a naturally comical countenance.

On the first arrival of the crabs, when they throng the shoals of the creeks in vast crowds, as heretofore mentioned, a very summary way of taking them is resorted to by the country people, and for a purpose that few would suspect without having witnessed it. They use a three-pronged fork or gig, made for this sport, attached to a long handle; the crabber, standing up in the skiff, pushes it along until he is over a large collection of crabs, and then strikes his spear among them. By this several are transfixed at once, and lifted into the boat; and the operation is repeated until enough have been taken. The purpose to which they are to be applied is to feed the hogs, which very soon learn to collect in waiting upon the beach when the crab-spear is going on. Although these bristly gentry appear to devour almost all sorts of food with great relish, it seemed to me that they regarded the crabs as a most luxurious banquet; and it was truly amusing to see the grunters, when the crabs were thrown on shore for them, and were scampering off in various directions, seizing them in spite of their threatening claws, holding them down with one foot, and speedily reducing them to a state of helplessness by breaking off their forceps. Such a crunching and cracking of the unfortunate crabs I never have witnessed since; and I might have commiserated them more, had not I known that death, in some form or other, was continually awaiting them, and that their devourers were all destined to meet their fate in a few months in the sty, and thence through the smoke-house to be placed upon our table. On the shores of the Chesapeake, I have caught crabs in a way commonly employed by all those who are unprovided with boats and nets. This is to have a forked stick and a baited line, with which the crabber wades out as far as he thinks fit, and then throws out his line. As soon as he finds he has a bite, he draws the line in, cautiously lifting but a very little from the bottom. As soon as it is near enough to be fairly in reach, he quickly—yet with as little movement as possible—secures the crab by placing the forked stick across his body, and pressing him against the sand. He must then stoop down and take hold of the crab by the two posterior swimming-legs, so as to avoid being seized by the claws. Should he not wish to carry each crab ashore as he catches it, he pinions or *spannels* (as the fishermen call it) them. This is a very effectual mode of disabling them from using their biting claws; yet it is certainly not the most humane operation: it is done by taking the first of the sharp-pointed feet of each side, and forcing it in for the length of the joint behind the movable joint or thumb of the opposite biting claw. The crabs are then strung upon a string or withe, and allowed to hang in the water until the crabber desists from his occupations.

The circumstance of the external skeleton has been mentioned, but who would expect an animal so low in the scale as a crab to be furnished with ten or twelve pair of jaws to its mouth? Yet such is the fact; and all these variously-constructed pieces are provided with appropriate muscles, and move in a manner which can scarcely be explained, though it may be very readily comprehended when once observed in living nature. But, after all the complexity of the jaws, where would an inexperienced person look for their teeth? Surely not in the stomach. Nevertheless, such is their situation; and these are not mere appendages that are called teeth by courtesy, but stout, regular, grinding teeth, with a light brown surface. They are not only within the stomach, but fixed to a cartilage nearest to its lower extremity; so that the food, unlike that of other creatures, is submitted to the action of the teeth as it is passing from the stomach, instead of being chewed before it is swallowed. In some species the teeth are five in number, but throughout this class of animals the same general principle of construction may be observed. Crabs and their kindred have no brain, because they are not required to reason upon what they observe; they have a nervous system excellently suited to their mode of life, and its knots or ganglia send out nerves to the organs of sense, digestion, motion, &c. The senses of these beings are very acute, especially their sight, hearing, and smell. Most of my readers have heard of crabs' eyes, or have seen these organs in the animal on the end of two little projecting knobs, above and on each side of the mouth: few of them, however, have seen the

crab's ear, yet it is very easily found, and is a little triangular bump placed near the base of the feelers. This bump has a membrane stretched over it, and communicates with a small cavity, which is the internal ear. The organ of smell is not so easily demonstrated as that of hearing, though the evidence of their possessing the sense to an acute degree is readily attainable. A German naturalist inferred, from the fact of the nerve corresponding to the olfactory nerve in man being distributed to the antennæ in insects, that the antennæ were the organs of smell in them. Cuvier and others suggest that a similar arrangement may exist in the crustacea. To satisfy myself whether it was so or not, I lately dissected a small lobster, and was delighted to find that the first pair of nerves actually went to the antennæ, and gave positive support to the opinion mentioned. I state this, not to claim credit for ascertaining the truth or inaccuracies of a suggestion, but with a view of inviting the reader to do the same in all cases of doubt. Where it is possible to refer to nature for the actual condition of facts, learned authorities give me no uneasiness. If I find that the structure bears out their opinions, it is more satisfactory; when it convicts them of absurdity, it saves much fruitless reading, as well as the trouble of shaking off prejudices.

The first time my attention was called to the extreme acuteness of sight possessed by these animals, was during a walk along the flats of Long Island, reaching towards Governor's Island, in New York. A vast number of the small land-crabs, called fiddlers by the boys, (*gecarcinus*), occupy burrows or caves dug in the marshy soil, whence they come out and go for some distance, either in search of food or to sun themselves. Long before I approached close enough to see their forms with distinctness, they were scampering towards their holes, into which they plunged with a tolerable certainty of escape; these retreats being of considerable depth, and often communicating with each other, as well as nearly filled with water. On endeavouring cautiously to approach some others, it was quite amusing to observe their vigilance; to see them slowly change position, and from lying extended in the sun, beginning to gather themselves up for a start, should it prove necessary; at length, standing up as it were on tiptoe, and raising their pedunculated eyes as high as possible. One quick step on the part of the individual approaching was enough; away they would go, with a celerity which must appear surprising to any one who had not previously witnessed it. What is more remarkable, they possess the power of moving equally well with any part of the body foremost; so that, when endeavouring to escape, they will suddenly dart off from one side or the other, without turning round, and thus elude pursuit.

My observations upon the crustaceous animals have extended through many years, and in very various situations; and for the sake of making the general view of their qualities more satisfactory, I will go on to state what I remarked of some of the genera and species in the West Indies, where they are exceedingly numerous and various. The greater proportion of the genera feed on animal matter, especially after decomposition has begun; a large number are exclusively confined to the deep waters, and approach the shoals and lands only during the spawning season. Many live in the sea, but daily pass many hours upon the rocky shores for the pleasure of basking in the sun; others live in marshy or moist ground, at a considerable distance from the water, and feed principally on vegetable food, especially the sugar-cane, of which they are extremely destructive. Others, again, reside habitually on the hills or mountains, and visit the sea only once a year for the purpose of depositing their eggs in the sand. All those which reside in burrows made in moist ground, and those coming daily on the rocks to bask in the sun, participate in about an equal degree in the qualities of vigilance and swiftness. Many a breathless race have I run in vain, attempting to intercept them, and prevent their escaping into the sea. Many an hour of cautious and solicitous endeavour to steal upon them unobserved has been frustrated by their long-sighted watchfulness; and several times, when, by extreme care and cunning approaches, I have actually succeeded in getting between a fine specimen and the sea, and had full hope of driving him farther inland, have all my anticipations been ruined by the wonderful swiftness of their flight, or the surprising facility with which they would dart off in the very opposite direction, at the very moment I felt almost sure of my prize. One day, in particular, I saw on a flat rock, which afforded a fine sunning place, the most beautiful crab I had ever beheld. It was of the largest size, and would have covered a large dinner-plate, most beautifully coloured with bright crimson below, and a variety of tints of blue, purple, and green above; it was just such a specimen as could not fail to excite all the solicitude of a collector

to obtain. But it was not in the least deficient in the art of self-preservation; my most careful manoeuvres proved ineffectual, and all my efforts only enabled me to see enough of it to augment my regrets to a high degree. Subsequently I saw a similar individual in the collection of a resident: this had been killed against the rocks during a violent hurricane, with very slight injury to its shell. I offered high rewards to the black people if they would bring me such a one; but the most expert among them seemed to think it an unpromising search, as they knew of no way of capturing them. If I had been supplied with some powder of nuxvomica, with which to poison some meat, I *might* have succeeded.

The fleet-running crab (*Cypoda pugilator*), mentioned as living in burrows dug in a moist soil, and preying chiefly on the sugarcane, is justly regarded as one of the most noxious pests that can infest a plantation. Their burrows extend to a great depth, and run in various directions; they are also, like those of our fiddlers, nearly full of muddy water; so that, when these marauders once plump into their dens, they may be considered as entirely beyond pursuit. Their numbers are so great, and they multiply in such numbers, as in some seasons to destroy a large proportion of a sugar-crop; and sometimes their ravages, combined with those of the rats and other plunderers, are absolutely ruinous to the sea-side planters. I was shown, by the superintendent of a place thus infested, a great quantity of cane utterly killed by these creatures, which cut it off in a peculiar manner, in order to suck the juice; and he assured me that, during that season, the crop would be two-thirds less than its average, solely owing to the inroads of the crabs and rats, which, if possible, are still more numerous. It was to me an irresistible source of amusement to observe the air of spite and vexation with which he spoke of the crabs; the rats he could shoot, poison, or drive off for a time with dogs. But the crabs would not eat his poison while sugar-cane was growing; the dogs could only chase them into their holes; and if, in helpless irritation, he sometimes fired his gun at a cluster of them, the shot only rattled over their shells like hail against a window. It is truly desirable that some summary mode of lessening their number could be devised; and it is probable that this will be best effected by poison, as it may be possible to obtain a bait sufficiently attractive to ensnare them.

The land-crab, which is common to many of the West-India islands, is most generally known as the Jamaica crab, because it has been most frequently described from observation in that island. Wherever found, they all have the habit of living, during great part of the year, in the highlands, where they pass the daytime concealed in huts, cavities, and under stones, and come out at night for their food. They are remarkable for collecting in vast bodies, and marching annually to the sea-side, in order to deposit their eggs in the sand; and this accomplished, they return to their former abodes, if undisturbed. They commence their march in the night, and move in the most direct line towards the destined point. So obstinately do they pursue this route, that they will not turn out of it for any obstacle that can possibly be surmounted. During the daytime, they skulk and lie hid as closely as possible; but thousands upon thousands of them are taken for the use of the table by whites and blacks, as on their seaward march they are very fat and of fine flavour. On the homeward journey, those that have escaped capture are weak, exhausted, and unfit for use.

Before dismissing the crabs, I must mention one which was a source of much annoyance to me at first, and of considerable interest afterwards, from the observation of its habits. At that time I resided in a house delightfully situated about two hundred yards from the sea, fronting the setting sun, having, in clear weather, the lofty mountains of Porto Rico, distant about eighty miles, in view. Like most of the houses in the island, ours had seen better days, as was evident from various breaks in the floors, angles rotted off the doors, sunken sills, and other indications of decay. Our sleeping room, which was on the lower floor, was especially in this condition; but as the weather was delightfully warm, a few cracks and openings, though rather large, did not threaten much inconvenience. Our bed was provided with that indispensable accompaniment, a musquito bar or curtain, to which we were indebted for escape from various annoyances. Scarcely had we extinguished the light and composed ourselves to rest, than we heard, in various parts of the room, the most startling noises. It appeared as if numerous hard and heavy bodies were trailed along the floor; then they sounded as if climbing up by the chairs and other furniture, and frequently something like a large stone would tumble down from such elevations with a loud noise,

followed by a peculiar chirping note. What an effect this produced upon entirely inexperienced strangers may well be imagined by those who have been suddenly waked up in the dark, by some unaccountable noise in the room. Finally, these invaders began to ascend the bed; but happily the musquito bar was securely tucked under the bed all around, and they were denied access, though their efforts and tumbles to the floor produced no very comfortable reflections. Towards daylight they began to retire, and in the morning no trace of any such visitants could be perceived. On mentioning our troubles, we were told that this nocturnal disturber was only Bernard the Hermit, called generally the soldier-crab, perhaps from the peculiar habit he has of protecting his body by thrusting it into an empty shell, which he afterwards carries about until he outgrows it, when it is relinquished for a larger. Not choosing to pass another night quite so noisily, due care was taken to exclude Monsieur Bernard, whose knockings were thenceforward confined to the outside of the house. I baited a large wire rat-trap with some corn-meal, and placed it outside of the back door, and in the morning found it literally half-filled with these crabs, from the largest-sized shell that could enter the trap down to such as were not larger than a hickory nut. Here was a fine collection made at once, affording a very considerable variety in the size and age of the specimens, and the different shells into which they had introduced themselves.

The soldier or hermit-crab, when withdrawn from his adopted shell, presents about the head and claws a considerable family resemblance to the lobster. The claws, however, are very short and broad, and the body covered with hard shell only in that part which is liable to be exposed or protruded. The posterior or abdominal part of the body is covered only by a tough skin, and tapers towards a small extremity, furnished with a sort of hook-like apparatus, enabling it to hold on to its factitious dwelling. Along the surface of its abdomen, as well as on the back, there are small projections, apparently intended for the same purpose. When once fairly in possession of a shell, it would be quite a difficult matter to pull the crab out, though a very little heat applied to the shell will quickly induce him to leave it. The shells they select are taken solely with reference to their suitability, and hence you may catch a considerable number of the same species, each of which is in a different species or genus of shell. The shells commonly used by them, when of larger size, are those of the whelk, which are much used as an article of food by the islanders, or the smaller conch (*strombus*) shells. The very young hermit-crabs are seen in almost every variety of small shell found on the shores of the Antilles. I have frequently been amused by seeing ladies eagerly engaged in making a collection of these beautiful little shells, and, not dreaming of their being tenanted by a living animal, suddenly startled, on displaying their acquisitions, at observing them to be actively endeavouring to escape; or, on introducing the hand into the reticule to produce a particular fine specimen, to receive a smart pinch from the claws of the little hermit. The instant the shell is closely approached or touched, they withdraw as deeply into it as possible, and the small ones readily escape observation; but they soon become impatient of captivity, and try to make off. The species of this genus (*pagurus*) are very numerous, and during the first part of their lives are all aquatic; that is, they are hatched in the little pools about the margin of the sea, and remain there until those that are destined to live on land are stout enough to commence their travels. The hermit-crabs, which are altogether aquatic, are by no means so careful to choose the lightest and thinnest shells as the land troops. The aquatic soldiers may be seen towing along shells of most disproportionate size; but their relatives, who travel over the hills by moonlight, know that all unnecessary incumbrance of weight should be avoided. They are as pugnacious and spiteful as any of the crustaceous class; and when taken, or when they fall and jar themselves considerably, utter a chirping noise, which is evidently an angry expression. They are ever ready to bite with their claws, and the pinch of the larger individuals is quite painful. It is said, that when they are changing their shells, for the sake of obtaining more commodious coverings, they frequently fight for possession; which may be true where two that have forsaken their old shells meet, or happen to make choice of the same vacant one. It is also said, that one crab is sometimes forced to give up the shell he is in, should a stronger chance to desire it. This, as I never saw it, I must continue to doubt; for I cannot imagine how the stronger could possibly accomplish his purpose, seeing that the occupant has nothing to do but keep close quarters. The invader would have no chance of seizing him to pull him out, nor

could he do him any injury by biting upon the surface of his hard claws, the only part that would be exposed. If it be true that one can dispossess the other, it must be by some contrivance of which we are still ignorant.

These soldier-crabs feed on a great variety of substances, scarcely refusing anything that is edible: like the family they belong to, they have a decided partiality for putrid meats, and the planters accuse them also of too great a fondness for the sugar-cane. Their excursions are altogether nocturnal; in the day-time they lie concealed very effectually in small holes, among stones, or any kind of rubbish, and are rarely taken notice of, even where hundreds are within a short distance of each other. The larger soldier-crabs are sometimes eaten by the blacks; but they are not much sought after, even by them, as they are generally regarded with aversion and prejudice. There is no reason, that we are aware of, why they should not be as good as many other crabs, but they certainly are not equally esteemed.

THE MERRY MONTH OF MARCH.

The bloom is in the bud, and the bud is on the bough,
And Earth hath grown an emerald, and heaven a sapphire now;
The snowdrop and the daisy while are laughing everywhere;
And the balmy breath of opening buds floats sweetly thro' the air.
Ten thousand birds are on the wing where'er the morning dawns,
And the merry huntsman's horn and hounds are dashing o'er the lawns;
There's a busy hum of insect crowds, all full of life and joy;
Age shakes his scatter'd locks of snow, and thinks himself a boy.

For the bloom, &c.

The mountain-streams are leaping in a galaxy of light;
The dew on every blade of grass is beaming pure and bright;
There's such a fragrance in the fields—such beauty far unfurl'd,
That God himself doth seem to walk in glory through the world.
Oh, how the sunny soul expands, how leaps the bounding heart,
As notes of music from the lips of kneeling seraph start;
What promise in the verdant plains—what hope is on the wing!
A blessing on thy balmy breath, thou merry month of spring.

For the bloom is in the bud, &c.

*A number of our readers instantly recognised the hand of FELICIA HEMANS in the lines "The bud is in the bough," given in No. 62. Will some of them now exercise their knowledge or their ingenuity in giving us information respecting the above "parallel passage?"

THE USES OF MYTHOLOGY.

The history of the religious ideas of man is an important portion of the history of the human mind; and the legends of mythology, silly as they may appear to narrow minds, will always be deemed by the true philosopher worthy of attentive consideration; the poetic beauty of many of them will recommend them to all readers of taste; and the arrival of a period when the cultivation of the severer sciences, and more practical philosophy, shall have so completely extinguished poetic feeling as to render them objects of contempt and neglect, is a consummation hardly, perhaps, to be desired by any true friend of mankind.—*Keightley*.

MUSIC AND NOVELS.

I have been told by a physician of the first eminence, that music and novels have done more to produce the sickly countenances and nervous habits of our highly-educated females, than any other causes that can be assigned. The excess of stimulus on the mind, from the interesting and melting tales that are peculiar to novels, affects the organs of the body and relaxes the tone of the nerves; in the same manner as the melting tones of music have been described to act upon the constitution, after the sedentary employment necessary for skill in that science has injured it.—*Clarkson's Portraiture of Quakerism*.

RETURNING ENERGY.

Dr. Kitchiner, to show how the strength of man may be diminished by indulging indolence, mentions the following ludicrous fact:—"Meeting a gentleman who had lately returned from India, to my inquiry after his health, he replied, 'Why, better—better, thank ye; I think I begin to feel some symptoms of the return of a little English energy. Do you know that the day before yesterday I was in such high spirits, and felt so strong, that I actually put on one of my stockings by myself.'"—*Traveller's Oracle*.

OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

We have been disappointed in not obtaining information relative to the EMPLOYMENTS OF FEMALES in different parts of Britain, as we had fancied that the subject would be one of general interest. We can, therefore, only give what we have received.

"MR. EDITOR.—In answer to your inquiries respecting the employment of females, I can inform you that, in the counties of Hereford and Salop, young girls commence their duties as household servants as early as twelve or fourteen years of age, in the families of petty shopkeepers, clerks, &c., where they receive from 1*l.* to 2*l.* per annum; as they become older and know more of household work, they obtain situations in more respectable families where only one servant is kept, and their wages are advanced to 4*l.* or 5*l.*; and from these places they become cooks and housemaids in the houses of the more wealthy, with about 8*l.* wages. In the two latter classes of situations, they are generally very well off, as far as regards their physical comfort; but the irksomeness of the restraint attendant upon a life of service, is too apt to induce them to accept the first offer of marriage, without duly considering the character or the means of the man who solicits their hand, and too often find their after-life one of hardship and privation. There is another class of females, who are in the habit of apprenticing themselves for two or three years to the dress-making, as being something more respectable than service; but, after becoming proficient in their calling, they seldom earn more than 10*l.* or 12*l.* per day, sometimes with and sometimes without their board.

"Another class—the daughters of tradespeople who are well to do in the world—after spending ten or a dozen years in learning the accomplishments usually taught in modern boarding-schools, sometimes obtain situations as governesses in private families or schools, where they often have to teach music, drawing, dancing, French, geography, and the use of the globes, English grammar and history, and have the manners, and keep up the appearance of ladies, with salaries varying from 14*l.* to 20*l.* per annum; and it is very seldom, indeed, that the latter sum is obtained.

"Such, as far as my own knowledge extends, are the unfavourable circumstances in which women who have 'to learn and labour to get their own living' are placed; and if your inquiries should elicit any information which may tend to improve their condition, you will confer a benefit, not only on the parties themselves, but on every man who has a wife, sister, or daughter to provide for."—AN OPERATIVE.

Another correspondent, writing from GLASGOW, informs us, that "many hundreds of females are employed in *scarves*, and their labour is in sewed muslin, or making ladies' collars, and other such articles—they are, for the most part, respectable tradesmen's daughters; their weekly earnings are from 6*s.* to 10*s.*, and sometimes, but very seldom, a little more; their hours are from 10 to 8. Some are employed in tambooring, and make about the same; *fine* work is paid higher. Some, but comparatively few, obtain work as fringers—*i. e.* putting fringes to shawls; they are chiefly for exportation, and it is done in their own houses; their employ is uncertain, and I think cannot average more than from 4*s.* to 6*s.* per week. We have also *woomen* employed in winding yarn, and they make about 4*s.* Common tradesmen's servants have from 8*l.* to 7*l.*; the higher classes give from 8*l.* to 14*l.* Good servants are much in demand, but *bad* ones, I am sorry to say, are far too plentiful.

"In reference to the query, Could females easily be enabled to acquire skill and facility in occupations usually left to men, such as those we have mentioned, watch-makers, pianoforte-makers, &c., and also as designers, or pattern-drawers for manufactures, household furniture, &c.? I can only answer, that *male* pattern-drawers are generally in constant employment, and are well paid, I believe chiefly by the *designs*. I think *tasty* (excuse the vulgarity) females *might* make a good livelihood by it; but I have never known any who have, as yet, tried it.

"I know several persons in Edinburgh, which cannot be called a manufacturing city, who find employment as follows:—in binding shoes, they make at the very most 7*s.*, and as low as 3*s.* In folding and stitching for bookbinders, about from 6*s.* to 8*s.*, paid according to their dexterity. By straw hat-making, dress-making, stay-making, millinery, &c., many make a good livelihood; their earnings vary from 9*s.* to 15*s.*, and some even make upwards of 1*l.* I speak of the common sort, or those who work only for tradespeople. Some find work in making up boas, muffs, &c., for furriers; their earnings are various. Others make vests, and are paid about 2*s.* by tailors, and about 3*s.* 6*d.* by private individuals; these are *tight* vests. It must be taken into consideration that 1*l.* here [the letter is from Glasgow] will go about as far as 2*l.* in London. Respectable lodgings can be had for 1*l.* 6*d.* per week, or even less (these are comfortably furnished). Good small houses can be had from 3*l.* to 5*l.* per annum. Provisions are also very much below those of London; and a person

can board and lodge well at 7s. per week, including 6d. per week for a fire; this is the common rate with the working classes—some are even less.

“W. S. I. E.”

BRISTOLIENSIS.—That coal is of vegetable origin appears to admit of no dispute. But the nature and character of the vegetation which has been gradually converted into coal, and the *modus operandi*, or nature of the process by which fossil plants have been thus mineralised, have been, and still are, matters of controversy amongst the geological “doctors.” The vegetable origin of coal is proved by the numerous impressions of plants found in connection with it, and by the traces of organisation which are still discoverable in it. Professor Buckland, speaking of the coal-mines of Bohemia, says, “The most elaborate imitations of living foliage upon the painted ceilings of Italian palaces bear no comparison with the beautiful profusion of extinct vegetable forms with which the galleries of these instructive coal-mines are overhung. The roof is covered as with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage, flung in wild, irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The effect is heightened by the contrast of the coal-black colour of these vegetables with the light groundwork of the rock to which they are attached. The spectator feels himself transported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world; he beholds trees of forms and characters now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the beauty and vigour of their primeval life; their scaly stems and bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, are all spread forth before him, little impaired by the lapse of countless ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation, which began and terminated in times of which these relics are the infallible historians.”

This, however, is a rare case: for the difficulty of recognising the particular character of the vegetation which has been converted into coal, has been in general very great. “Of the leaves the greater part is more or less mutilated; those of ferns, which are extremely numerous, have lost their fructification in the majority of instances; and it frequently happens that the leaflets of compound leaves have been dis-articulated, either wholly or partially. Stems or trunks are in all cases in a state, which must be supposed to result from decay previously to their conversion into coal; destitute of bark, or with the principal part of that envelope gone, and often pressed quite flat, so that all trace of their original convexity is destroyed. Where ripe fruits are met with, they are not in clusters, as they probably were when alive, but separated into single individuals.”

From the limited number of plants which have been identified in the coal-measures, an inference was drawn, that “in the beginning nature was in reality little diversified; that a few forms of organisation of the lower kind only were all that clothed the face of the earth; and that it was only in after ages that nature assumed her many-coloured, ever-varying robe.” But Professor Lindley has proved that plants are capable of enduring suspension in water in very different degrees, some resisting a long suspension almost without change, others rapidly decomposing and disappearing. The meagre character of the coal Flora may, therefore, be owing to the different capabilities of different plants of resisting destruction in water. Professor Lindley’s conclusions are:—1. Coal is of vegetable origin. 2. That at the period of its deposit the earth was covered with a rich vegetation, of which only a small portion has been preserved. 3. That the plants which formed coal, were, for a period of some duration, floating in water.

ONE or two correspondents have addressed us on points of domestic economy, which we scarcely conceive to fall within our particular “line;” one wishes to receive instruction about rearing poultry, keeping a cow, &c. Now, if our correspondent is really in earnest in these matters, we do not know that we can do better than to refer him, and similar correspondents, to the Editor of the *MAGAZINE OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY*—a cheap, useful, and excellently conducted periodical, from the perusal of which we have frequently derived pleasure and profit.

A GLASGOW LADY wishes to know the origin of the terms “Blues,” “Blue Stockings,” &c., as applied to literary ladies. In Boswell’s Johnson the following is given:—“About this time (under the date of 1781) it was much the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. These societies were denominated *Blue Stocking Clubs*; the origin of which title being little known, it may be worth while to relate it. One of the most eminent members of these societies when they first commenced was Mr. Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, that his absence was felt as so great a loss, that it used to be said, ‘We can do nothing without the *blue stockings*!’ and thus, by degrees the title was established. Miss Hannah More has admirably described a *Blue Stocking*

Club in her ‘*Bas-Bleu*’; a poem, in which many of the persons who were most conspicuous there are mentioned.”

HANS. “Are women naturally weaker than men? or is it their occupations and habits that make them so?”

Our correspondent surely does not doubt that the organisation of woman is more delicate than that of man; and, therefore, that the one is naturally weaker than the other. When we meet with a stout amazon, we must not compare her with a small or weak man, whom she perhaps could lift with her finger and thumb, but we must compare her with men of her own class, habits, &c. Country women of the working or labouring class, themselves the children of stout, hardy parents, and who have been inured to occupations out of doors, are frequently more masculine, more hardy, and far better able to endure fatigue, than many a healthy, active citizen; but then, look at the fathers, husbands, and brothers of these women. Our dictum then is—Women are constitutionally weaker than men, and the sedentary nature of their occupations, in civilised society more especially, increases rather than diminishes their physical inferiority.

An EDINBURGH correspondent, in asking for advice, gives the following statement of his case:—“Sent to the grammar-school of my parish at an early age, it was with no good will that I got crammed in a pretty fair smattering of its staple commodity; but not continuing more than eighteen months or so, and being ‘drafted’ to a commercial academy, I soon forgot the last vestige of ‘penna’ and ‘amo,’ amid the incessant repetitions of a multiplication-table, and endless ‘workings’ of the ‘rule of three.’ On leaving school, though doomed to the very unclassical occupation of standing behind a counter, I did not altogether forget the names of my old friends in Nepos, Hannibal and Alcibiades, &c., but ‘plucking up a spirit,’ applied myself at leisure-hours once more to the first principles of Ruddiman. Having since mastered Ovid, Cæsar, Virgil, and Horace, I can safely affirm that all the pain felt in the learning has been more than compensated by the pleasure experienced in the reading of these worthies. Now, sir, by saying whether you recommend an advance, and possibly catching a ‘grip’ of some ‘crabbed Greek’ by the way, or whether you recommend a halt, and perusal of our own best authors, as I cannot overtake both, you will much oblige
“JUVENIA.”

After reading this letter, we were inclined to say to “Juvenia,” “GO ON AND PROSPER.” But there is a deficiency in his statement, which prevents an opinion being given. He does not say whether his prospects for life are exclusively commercial, or whether he has some intention of attempting to enter one of the “professions.” Seeing that he must either give up English literature or Greek, we would, under the idea that his life is to be devoted to commercial pursuits, advise a halt, at least for some time, until he can take a range in the wide field of our noblest and best authors, as well as obtain some general knowledge of science. Nor let our correspondent despise the “unclassical occupation of standing behind a counter;” the counter will never degrade his learning, while his learning may add respect and even dignity to the counter. It is the mark rather of a weak than of a strong mind, to despise the daily occupations of daily life, under the idea that habits, feelings, tastes, &c., are too fine and delicate for such vulgar affairs. But if our correspondent feels a strong impulse to add Greek to his Latin, by all means let him follow the bent of his inclination. The knowledge which we acquire with pleasure is worth a thousand constrained tasks.

“CARLOW.—Sir,—A question proposed in the ‘Literary Letter-Box’ of your valuable Journal of the 29th ult., signed W.W., strongly reminds me of an anecdote told of Charles II. It is said the king proposed to some ‘savans’ of his day the following:—‘What is the reason, that if a fish be placed in a vessel of water previously accurately weighed, it will not increase the weight?’ The courtiers looked puzzled—some, however, ingeniously attempted to account for the phenomenon. At length, one more cunning than the rest shrewdly observed, ‘Please your majesty, I doubt the fact.’

“Greatly doubting the truth of ‘W.W.’s’ statement, I immediately tried the experiment, and found that the camphor did not revolve; nor, when the oil was dropped in, did it ‘recede to the side of the vessel.’ SAMUEL HAUGHTON.”

We have also tried the experiment, with much the same result. The camphor had a very slight—almost imperceptible—rotary motion, but the drop of oil had no effect.

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